INQUIRY

MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 18, 1978 • $1.25

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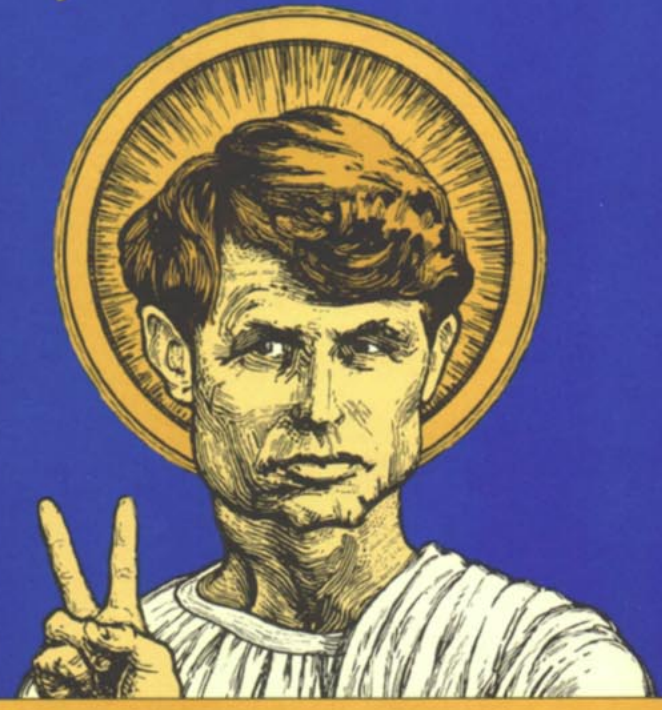
THE CANONIZATION OF BOBBY

By ROBERT SHERRILL



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RES PUBLICA

Human rights marches on

■ The United States, responding to recent moves by Zaire to curb corruption and human rights abuses, has decided to release $26 million in food and other assistance to that country, the State Department said Wednesday.

—Los Angeles Times, Aug. 17, 1978

■ Three months after an invasion by Angola-based rebels, Shaba province remains under martial law and a cloud of uncertainty, its people convinced that the real enemy is the regime of [Zaire] President Mobutu Sese Seko....

As his popularity has plummeted throughout Zaire—his regime survives largely because of Western military and economic help—Mobutu has surrounded himself increasingly with fellow northerners from Equateur province, often at the expense of other tribes, particularly the Lunda of Shaba . . . About 1,500 alleged civilian dissidents have been rounded up [in Shaba] by Mobutu's henchmen and flown north to a reeducation camp at Locandu in Kivu province, where Red Cross attempts to check on their well-being have been unsuccessful.

—Los Angeles Times, Aug. 17, 1978

Frank Snepp will be delighted

■ President Carter said tonight that he wanted to protect "the so-called whistle blowers" within the Federal government—those who, he said, "see defects in our Government, defects in the law, gross waste."

—New York Times, Aug. 4, 1978

Don't laugh, that's how we make our foreign policy, too

■ Two submarine test firings of the Tomahawk cruise missile, a key element of United States defenses, failed today as Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, Navy officials and the media looked on.

Mr. Brown said his confidence in the cruise missile program was unshaken. "Failure in the past increases the probability of success in the future," he said.

—New York Times, July 26, 1978

We'd like to see a reunion

■ [Richard T. Hanna, a former congressman from California who was convicted of bribery in the Korean influence-buying scandal, and John Mitchell, attorney general in the Nixon administration, are serving their time together at the Maxwell Federal Prison Camp in Alabama.]

"We're good friends," said Hanna. "I like John. He's a very likeable person and we have a lot more in common than maybe anybody else in here, because at least we had an experience in Washington with a lot of the same people."

—Los Angeles Times, July 31, 1978

O.K. George, if it feels good, do it

■ The House Appropriations Committee approved a $119.4 billion defense spending bill today . . . Representative George Mahon, Democrat of Texas, chairman of the committee, described the overall bill as the largest single appropriation measure ever before Congress. He said that it was "appalling and exciting" that the United States must spend $119.4 billion on defense when the nation was at peace and no war was expected.

Calling the appropriation "an anti-war bill," he said that it provided $29 billion for the Army, $33 billion for the Air Force, $41 billion for the Navy and $5 billion for the reserves.

"Nobody's shortchanged in that kind of appropriation," he said.

—New York Times, July 28, 1978

Catch us if you can

■ The National Security Agency cannot be forced in a lawsuit to disclose whether it has intercepted the communications of specific individuals or groups through its secret monitoring capabilities, the U.S. Court of Appeals ruled here yesterday. The ruling upheld a claim of "state secrets privilege" made by the secretary of defense and makes NSA virtually immune from suits by such individuals or groups, according to attorneys involved in the case. . . .

The National Security Agency, which has been rarely if ever sued, said it could not even respond to allegations that certain people or groups had been monitored because to do so would "severely jeopardize the intelligence collection mission of NSA by identifying present communications collection and analysis capabilities."

—Washington Post, June 17, 1978

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Burger Court revises Bill of Rights

Reviving ransacking

SOME WHILE BACK, A GROUP OF Bostonians, angered at government officials abusing their rights, complained that "our houses and even our bed chambers are exposed to be ransacked, our boxes, chests, and trunks broke open, ravaged and plundered." The citizens who issued this broadside in 1772 were describing life under King George III. Yet because of a recent Supreme Court decision, all Americans are now in danger of being subjected to the same searches.

In *Zurcher* v. *The Stanford Daily* (see "First Amendment Watch," *INQUIRY,* Aug. 21, 1978), the Supreme Court ruled last May that police could obtain a search warrant and raid newspaper offices to search for evidence of crimes, even though the police did not believe the reporters were in any way involved in criminal activity. The Burger Court thus decided that police can use a warrant to conduct surprise searches, ransack offices, and then take what they came for—provided the materials exist somewhere besides in the minds of the police officers.

For Bostonians and other persecuted American colonists of the eighteenth century, there was a solution: a revolution, a new nation, and a constitution with a bill of rights. The new Bill of Rights contained a section called the Fourth Amendment, which prevented searches of nonsuspect persons by police looking for evidence among their private papers. For Americans whose rights will now be violated because of the Supreme Court's radical reinterpretation of the Fourth Amendment in *Stanford,* their only recourse now may be to Congress.

The idea of trying to persuade the Supreme Court to undo its damage—as was urged when the Court turned down a claim to a reporter's privilege to protect sources—must be laid to rest. Not only is the Court showing more hostility to the press, but it is also stepping up its efforts to enshrine law enforcement officials in a temple of rights and privileges.

And the Court seems to be more and more confused about constitutional rights. When it overturned a journalist's claim to privilege in 1972, Justice Lewis Powell said that journalists need have no fear of becoming government investigators through being continually subpoenaed. After all, said Powell, a reporter would be able to have a hearing whenever he was subpoenaed to testify. Yet when it came to approving surprise searches for which there is no prior hearing, Powell supported Justice Byron White's reasoning. White wrote that "if the evidence sought by warrant is sufficiently connected with the crime to satisfy the probable cause requirement, it will very likely be sufficiently relevant to justify a subpoena and to withstand a motion to quash."

The *Stanford* ruling certainly turned the Fourth Amendment on its head. As the director of the Reporters Committee for the Freedom of the Press testified before a Senate subcommittee, the Constitution's drafters remembered how officers used search warrants to seize evidence of seditious libel among the books and papers of colonial printers, and they wanted to protect the press from such practices, hence the Fourth Amendment was drafted and ratified. Yet in 1978, the Supreme Court decided that police could ransack newspaper offices to hunt for documents and materials relating to a crime in which reporters are not even alleged to have been criminally involved.

Since it is doubtful that the Court will change its mind within the next decade, it is imperative that Congress rectify the situation (there are now 12 bills pending in Congress as a result of *Stanford*). By restoring the privacy rights of all Americans, Congress will correct the damage the Court has done to the First and Fourth amendments.

It is a sad day indeed in American history when we must ask our Parliament to protect our inalienable rights, but this is the only way we will be safe from the notorious intrusions of the justices of the Crown. ❏

Enriching the new aristocracy

Inflation con game

IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS, INFLA- tion has accelerated again to "double-digit" figures, reaching an annual rate of 11.4 percent for the second quarter of this year, and recalling uneasily the scary years of 1973–1974, when inflation reached 13 percent per year. But inflation has never really left the scene; the "moderate" levels of 6 percent per year since the recession of 1973–1975 have hardly brought us much reassurance. For even at such supposedly acceptable levels, this means that prices double every 10 or 12 years.

President Carter himself, when campaigning for the presidency, said that 6 percent inflation was unacceptable. "A 6 percent inflation rate comes in and steals the ability of a family to be held together," he said. "Older people with a fixed income see every day that their lives are squeezed. An elderly person on a fixed retirement check buys inferior food, maybe has to leave one's home, can't buy a new dress every year. And when Christmas comes, if they can give their grandchildren a present, it's a cheap present." The same man who spoke those words has since presided over far more damaging inflation.

President Carter, like all previous Presidents, expresses great worry about inflation. And, like all previous Presidents, he places the blame for inflation on various groups of the great American public: consumers (especially users of

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gasoline), farmers, doctors, lawyers, and any highly visible companies or unions. Procedures for dealing with rising prices have veered from various forms of "jawboning"—exhorting businessmen and unions *please* not to raise their prices or wages—to various forms of price and wage controls. From 1971 to 1973, President Nixon tried an entire battery of price controls ranging from freezes to partial controls and back again, and none of them worked. In fact, at the end of that great control experiment, prices had risen further than they were tending before the experiment began. Britain, France, and Canada have all had some form of formal or informal controls in recent years, but prices have gone up in all three countries. And the problem with jawboning, whether done with a Texas, California, or Georgia accent, is that it doesn't seem to work either.

Carter, who during his election campaign called for stand-by wage and price control authority for the President, has appointed Robert Strauss as his inflation overseer with the job of pressuring business and labor to "reduce the rate of wage and price increases in 1978 to below the average of the past two years" (prices climbed 6 percent in 1976–1977; wages, 7.5 percent). Carter has also tried to institute a prenotification plan (under which business and labor would inform the government in advance of wage and price plans) and, despite protestations that he opposes price controls, a scheme to impose price controls on the hospital industry. Prenotification was rejected by labor leader George Meany, who called it a step toward controls; hospital price controls were shelved by Congress. And so the Carter administration only adds to its general image of ineffectuality by its sorry record on inflation, for inflation has only gotten worse since its jawboning began.

One seemingly new proposal to tackle inflation is a tax-based incomes policy. This form of wage and price controls, originally devised eight years ago by conservative economists Henry Wallich and Sidney Weintraub, would tax companies heavily for violating government-set wage guidelines. The Carter administration seriously considered adopting a tax-based incomes policy in the fall of 1977 and has been flirting with the idea ever since. If controls are put in by the Carter administration, this may well be the way it is done.

Blaming businessmen for raising prices, or unions for raising wages, is all too easy. After all, we *see* retail stores raising their prices every few weeks; and we hear about union wage demands every year. It then becomes a simple leap to attribute inflation to unconscionable greed on the part of these very visible people. But there is a real difficulty here; for if greed is the problem, and all one need do is to raise one's selling price, why do businessmen *stop* at only 6 or 10 percent per year? Why don't they raise prices by 20, 50, or 100 percent per year? And why did the inflation rate fall after 1975 and why is it now rising again? Does greed fluctuate that rapidly?

If we go beyond the superficialities, then, we have to look for those economic factors that place limits on the height of prices or wages that businessmen or unions can actually achieve. The basic limit, at any given time, is that consumers don't have the money to pay higher rates. If we look at prices in general, we must concentrate on the money in consumer pockets. What, then, determines *that*?

And here we come to the hidden and relatively unpublicized item in any analysis of inflation: the total supply of money, of dollars, in the economy. If the total supply of dollars doubles, for example, consumers will have twice as much money to spend on goods and services, and prices will more or less double across the board. Inflation, therefore—chronic, continuing, overall inflation—is caused by a continuing increase in the supply of dollars in the economy.

And the only source, the monopoly source, of the issue of dollars, is the federal government. The government has vested in its own agency, the Federal Reserve Board, the sole right to print paper dollars, or legal tender cash. Furthermore, through a complex system of controls over the banking system, the Fed has the sole power to manipulate, govern, and determine the total supply of "checkbook dollars" issued by the banking system. In this way, the Federal Reserve has complete control over the amount of money in circulation. And because of its devotion to easy money, and its desire to benefit favored groups, the Fed keeps pumping new money into the economy.

Milton Friedman and the other monetarists whitewash the actual process of inflation. Whereas Friedman, in his famous fable, has the government's helicopter raining equal amounts of new money on each person in society, the reality is that the government gives the new money to specific favored groups. For inflation benefits, most of all, the groups who receive the new money *first*: the federal government itself and, through grants, state and local governments; commercial banks like Chase Manhattan and Citibank; defense contractors like Boeing and Lockheed; receivers of government subsidies like scientists and commercial farmers; and those who rely on artificially cheap credit to expand their facilities (especially highly capitalized firms like U.S. Steel, Exxon, Reynolds Metals, and Du Pont). And inflation harms, most of all, wage-earners and people on fixed incomes—pensions, annuities, etc.—who find their incomes declining and their savings crippled by rising prices. The mass of the public is hurt by inflation; the government-industrial-banking complex benefits.

Du Pont, for example, is portrayed by the June 6 *New York Times* as thriving under inflationary conditions. Its chairman, Irving S. Shapiro, who is Carter's key link to the business community, was highly influential in elevating G. William Miller to his new post as head of the Federal Reserve System. Miller was considered by all observers at the time to be an easy-money proponent, though he has since incorporated some tight-money buzzwords into his vocabulary. Du Pont's chief economist, Charles Reeder, is also a spokesman for cheap credit, cautioning the Federal Reserve in June against "excessive zeal in the fight against inflation." Reeder says he is worried that the Federal Reserve might apply the brakes on easy money for too long a time.

When the Jacksonian radicals of the early nineteenth century cried out against the Money Power and the "paper money aristocracy," they pinpointed who benefited from inflation. When they promoted the slogan, "When the currency expands, the loaf contracts," they summarized the effect of inflation on the "industrious classes." They knew that inflation destroyed the savings and the real incomes of the mass of the population. They knew that inflation was a hidden form of taxation by which the government, the banks, and their favored businessmen-debtors were able to rip off the general public. They knew that central banking and government control of the printing press was the major means by which inflation was accomplished. They, at least, would have been able to penetrate the modern jargon of Keynesianism to see the reality of inflation and special privilege that lies beneath its glittering surface. ❏

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THOMAS SZASZ

The psychiatric presidency

SINCE THE END OF THE SECOND World War, mental health and mental illness in the United States have become progressively politicized. As a result, neither the Democratic nor the Republican Party nor any President could oppose the struggle against mental illness, for fear of appearing to oppose mental health itself. In the past 30 years, increased spending on mental health has been a more bipartisan policy than increased spending on defense, education, or welfare. Still, despite all the political and psychiatric hoopla, the actual personal support of politicians for mental health has always seemed half-hearted at best. It was like kissing babies for the photographers—something that had to be done to get oneself elected, not something one enjoyed, much less believed in.

With the election of Jimmy Carter, all this is changed. Here, for the first time in American history, a President, indeed a whole presidential family, really believed in mental health—just as they really believed in Jesus and being born twice. The upshot is a veritable "psychiatric presidency"—a fitting ornament for our Therapeutic State.

The Carters' interest in mental health antedates their entering national politics. When Carter was governor of Georgia, both he and Mrs. Carter emphasized their commitment to that cause. Between 1971 and 1975, during Carter's governorship, the number of community mental health centers in Georgia rose from one to 18, admissions to state mental hospitals increased from 9645 to 17,824, the number of full-time state mental hospital employees rose from 6467 to 8247, and the annual state mental hospital expenditures rose from $56,705,000 to $95,177,000. Not a bad record as madness-manufacturing goes.

During the 1976 presidential campaign, Carter ran, in part, on a mental health platform. A *New York Times* reporter described Mrs. Carter's participation in the campaign in this way: "Her schedule is carefully planned around certain campaign themes. If there is a mental hospital in the city, she tours it, talking of the need for more such facilities . . . ." Addressing a meeting of the American Association for Social Psychiatry during the campaign, psychiatrist Dr. Peter Bourne, then the director of the Washington Carter for President Campaign (and later forced to resign as presidential assistant for health issues), promised: "I think in Governor Carter and his wife, the psychiatric and mental health fields would have a very good friend, or two very good friends, in the White House." This is true enough. But that the Carter presidency is good for the American Psychiatric Association is much more obvious than that it is good for America.

AFTER HE WAS ELECTED President, Carter fulfilled at least one of his campaign promises: he appointed a presidential Commission on Mental Health with his wife as its honorary chairperson. In May 1978, after having spent an undisclosed amount of the taxpayers' money in the course of its investigations, the commission issued its much-heralded report, titled *Mental Health in America: 1978*. The report consists of an expository volume of 94 pages plus three heavy tomes of appendixes. It is unlikely that many Americans outside the mental health bureaucracy (or even inside it) will ever see this document, much less read it.

Besides the sort of psychiatric propaganda one might expect from a presidential commission on mental health, the most interesting thing about the report is its advocacy of systematic racial and linguistic discrimination in psychiatry—partly, it seems, as an expression of a trendy pseudopopulism, and partly, it is quite clear, in an effort to strengthen the legitimacy of controlling racially and linguistically handicapped persons by means of coercive psychiatry. I list below some of the statements in it which I so interpret:

According to the 1975 Special Census, the population of America includes 22 million Black Americans. . . . Like everyone else, minorities feel more comfortable and secure when care is provided by practitioners who come from similar backgrounds. Yet fewer than 2 percent of all psychiatrists in America are Black.

Language and cultural barriers have prevented some minorities from receiving appropriate care. . . . Many patients needing treatment will not seek care if providers are not sensitive to their culture or are unable to speak their language. To meet the particular needs of minority populations, the Commission recommends that: Mental health service programs should . . . provide culturally relevant services and staff them with bilingual, bicultural personnel.

Rosalynn feels that American blacks are in special need of mental health services, but that Idi Amin is not "crazy."

At the commitment hearing, the rules of evidence should apply, and the respondent should have the right to wear his or her own clothing, to present evidence, and cross-examine witnesses. The petitioner [*sic*] should also be represented by counsel fluent in the petitioner's [*sic*] primary language. [By "petitioner" is presumably meant "respondent."]

State laws establishing rights of mentally handicapped persons should be printed in the natural or dominant language of the persons to whom they apply. . . . A copy of the rights should be given to each patient and should be read or explained in an easily understandable way and in the person's natural or "dominant" language.

THE PROPOSITION THAT white (or yellow) psychiatrists cannot treat black (or Hispanic) patients is here advanced as a self-evident truth, supported only by the assertion that all "minorities" prefer to be treated by psychiatric "practitioners who come from a similar

THOMAS SZASZ, a contributing editor, writes a monthly column for INQUIRY. His most recent book is The Myth of Psychotherapy.

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background." Presumably, then, so do majorities—an idea full of momentous implications for American psychiatry, a heavily Jewish profession in a predominantly Christian country. When Carl Jung dared to suggest that individuals from different cultural and racial backgrounds possess different psychologies, he was promptly branded a Nazi anti-Semite by Jewish psychiatrists. Of course, Jung was never so stupid as to suggest that membership in a particular ethnic group automatically guarantees compassion for or understanding of the problems peculiar to members of that group. He was merely emphasizing the cultural relativity of human behavior. Not so the report of the President's commission: It urges the adoption of an explicitly racist policy with respect to psychiatric services—namely, that each racial or linguistic group be served by practitioners recruited from among its own members. Implementing such a quota system would, of course, affect Jewish-American psychiatry much the same way as National Socialism affected Jewish-German psychiatry.

The commission's views on language are also startling. It has always been the case in America that persons who spoke no English or who spoke it very poorly were more likely to be incarcerated as mental patients than those who did speak it. If one wished to protect innocent persons ignorant of English from being deprived of their liberty by psychiatrists, the obvious way to do so would be to abolish involuntary mental hospitalization. But the psychobureaucrats responsible for the report do not want to protect non-English speakers from psychiatric oppression; they want to legitimize their oppression by extending to them the legal formalism of being read their paper "rights" in their own language.

Moreover, the report treats the inability of some persons to understand or speak English as an immutable fact. It is not the would-be client's fault that he has not mastered English. It is the fault of American society that it has not provided services in the client's own language. Nowhere does the commission even allude to the possibility that, in the United States, failure to master the English language may be bad for one's "mental health." Accordingly, the "particular needs of minority populations" do not include learning English, but include providing them with "bilingual and bicultural" experts. But if the patients cannot or do not want to learn English, why should they be treated by bilingual psychiatrists? The recommendation is not only politically repugnant, it is also illogical. Why couldn't such persons be treated by psychiatrists fluent in the patient's dominant language alone? Moreover, in view of the ethnic and linguistic diversity that exists in America, the report's recommendation is pure humbug.

*THAT AN AMERICAN PRESI-*dent and his administration should mindlessly support mental health is, of course, hardly novel. What is novel, as I have noted, is the Carter family's own involvement in mental health. Thus, Rosalynn Carter's pet project is mental health. Her devotion to this cause has led her to endorse the "finding" that 50 million of her countrymen are "in need of" mental health services and to display special solicitude for black Americans who are mad and whose need for mental health care she considers especially neglected. Her conviction that so many black Americans are psychiatrically "underserved" should, perhaps, be seen in the context of her criteria for mental health, exemplified by her remark quoted in the French magazine *Jeune Afrique* (March 25, 1977): "I do not think that Amin Dada is crazy. He is a very intelligent man."

Ruth Carter Stapleton, the President's sister, is a famous spiritual healer. She attributes her therapeutic powers, about which she is not unduly modest, to her special relationship to God. "God speaks to my thoughts," she explained to a reporter for *New York* magazine. "That's how He talks to me. Sometimes I don't know whether I'm thinking it or He is thinking it. But often I know it couldn't be me. . . . I have found that Jesus loves a rapist, an exhibitionist, a drug addict, a communist."

The Carters' passion for mental health is particularly significant in view of the fact that psychiatrists have a similar passion for diagnosing prominent political figures as mentally ill. Indeed, while Mr. and Mrs. Carter are pushing psychiatric services on the American people, leading American psychohistorians are proclaiming the Carter family to be sorely in need of such services.

The fall 1977 issue of *The Journal of Psychohistory,* labeled "Special Jimmy Carter Issue," is devoted to a "psychohistorical analysis" of the President and his family. True to the psychohistorical form of psychoassassination, Lloyd deMause, the editor of the *Journal,* disclaims any intention to harm Mr. Carter; indeed he claims that he wants to help him. Should Mrs. Carter read this, I hope she will begin to understand how hapless Americans might feel about the psychiatric "help" she proposes to unleash on them. Writes deMause, director of the Institute of Psychohistory, publisher of the Psychohistory Press, a member of the training faculty of the New York Center of Psychoanalytic Training, and chairman of the International Psychohistorical Association: "One final word on the Carter project before I begin the presentation of my evidence. The demands of group-fantasy in America today are such that the majority of the press, including reviewers, will probably refer to these essays as an 'attack' on Jimmy Carter. Nothing could be further from the truth. Indeed, quite the opposite. I even suspect that Carter would both enjoy and profit from these studies. In point of fact, we all voted for him. . ."

"Someone," Miss Lillian snarled later, "should have shot that nigger before he came on the lawn."

The first contributor to the special "Jimmy Carter Issue" is Paul Elovitz, a contributing editor to the *Journal.* Elovitz's "diagnostic formulation" of the President is, deMause's self-congratulatory remarks notwithstanding, hardly likely to please him. "In psychoanalytic terminology," declares Elovitz, "Jimmy Carter can be considered a narcissistic personality with obsessive compulsive defense. His narcissism is reflected in his need to gain praise to compensate for his own sense of inadequacy, stemming from insufficient emotional nurturance during early childhood."

The person responsible for that "insufficient emotional nurturance" is, of course, Jimmy Carter's mother, usually identified, Southern-style, as

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"Miss Lillian." In view of the Carters' concern for mental health, their unconcern for Miss Lillian's mental ill-health (as defined by the authorities they respect) is rather surprising. Let me hasten to emphasize that I offer this "diagnosis" not as a personal judgment but rather as a logical inference from pronouncements made by Miss Lillian and by psychiatric experts. In 1975, the American Orthopsychiatric Association's Committee on Minority Group Children declared that "Racism is the number one public health problem," adding for good measure that "Racism is probably the only contagious mental disease."

ACCORDING TO THE EVIdence presented by James Wooten (author of *Dasher: The Roots and the Rising of Jimmy Carter),* Miss Lillian shows signs of suffering from just such a mental disease. "A week before her son was elected President," writes Wooten, "an erratic black preacher from a nearby city tried to worship in the Plains Baptist Church. He was rejected, rather forcefully, though not bodily. The door was literally shut in his face. It was instant news around the country—big news. It might have cost her son the White House. Several weeks later, after he had won, she remembered the incident at the church. 'Somebody,' she snarled, 'should have shot that nigger before he came on the lawn.'" The effect on "mental health" of the hypocrisy implied in the gulf between Miss Lillian's "nigger" and the capitalized "Blacks" in the presidential commission's report requires no further comment.

According to David Beisel, another contributing editor of the *Journal,* Jimmy Carter has dealt with his feelings of "maternal loss and maternal distancing" by internalizing maternal functions: "Without a mother he has become his own mother and performs domestic duties himself. Pridefully, Rosalynn proclaimed that 'Jimmy really likes to cook . . . .'" If poor Rosalynn only knew what psychiatrists can infer from the sinister symptoms of masculine domesticity which her husband displays. Our President has been known not only to cook but also to sew on buttons and wash his shirts. Better not let Anita Bryant hear about this! But why bother with psychopathological innuendos when the psychohistorical evidence clearly proves that the whole Carter clan is just plain crazy. That is the conclusion of Henry Ebel, associate editor of the *Journal:*

> The suspicion that the President may be nuts cannot—in view of his entirely projective function [*sic*]—be dissociated from the growing suspicion, by "average" Americans in "average" American families, that *they* may be nuts. . . . At the unconscious level, in other words, the Carter family, with its bizarre admixture of rednecks, faith-healers, convicts, and puritanical obsessive-compulsives, is perceived as being just as distorted and "crazy" as the families of "average" American voters: a Munster clan or Addams family that has somehow wandered off the TV screen and into the White House. The concern with "mental health," which for the Carters themselves may be a quasi-therapeutic involvement in other people's problems, is politically necessary to counterbalance this image. . . .

With that piece of psychoanalytic psychohistory, we come full circle: from the report of the President's Commission on Mental Health, to the demonstration of the presidential family's mental ill-health, and back to the Carters' own meddling in other people's private lives. The measure of that meddling is best reflected in its cost to the taxpayer. "In the late 1950s," observes the commission, "the direct cost of mental illness was estimated to be $1.7 billion a year. By 1976 the direct cost of providing mental health services was about $17 billion . . ." The cost is steadily rising and the commission is recommending further sizable increases.

The President and his economists never tire of scolding us about our inability to afford imported petroleum, but they are remarkably silent about our ability to afford domestic psychiatry. Sooner or later we shall have to confront our value preferences. Perhaps the time is near when we shall have to choose between a system of "mental health care" so repugnant that it has to be financed through tax monies and imposed on the populace by means of force and fraud—and food and shelter and energy, that is, "essentials" for which individuals are quite willing to pay themselves. What President and Mrs. Carter are telling the American people is that mental health is more important than the "essentials." That is why mental health (like national defense) should be paid for by the government with tax monies —whereas food, shelter, and energy (like gambling and pornography) should be paid for by individuals with what the tax collector leaves them. ❑

EDUCATION

DIANE DIVOKY

Running scared

THE EDUCATION ESTABlishment is having a hard time this year countering new heresies that are abroad in the land. First there was the growing interest in the tuition tax credit bill, and then, as if that weren't enough, along came Proposition 13 in California and the subversive ideas it's giving citizens across the country. Dangerous notions are afoot—notions that, if implemented, would cut at the sinews of public education: its monopolistic control and its fat purse.

Those who tend and feed at the public trough have therefore joined together to stamp out the threat of tuition tax credits, which would allow parents of children in private elementary and secondary schools—as well as those of college students—to deduct as much as $500 from their federal income tax. The opposition alliance is called the National Coalition to Save the Public Schools, and it includes every entrenched interest from school board groups to teachers' unions. U.S. Commissioner of Education Ernest L. Boyer told an April 9 rally of the coalition in Washington, D.C. that he opposes tax credits "because they are expensive and largely uncontrollable" and "they would increase red tape and lead to bureaucratic duplication." Now the U.S. Office of Education, which Boyer heads, has in the past few years become a perfect example of the impossible bureaucracy, out of the control even of its managers; it is so mired in its own mess that the response of those looking on has gone from horror to helpless laughter. Yet

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Boyer, who lives in this glass-housed bureaucracy, is out earnestly throwing stones, with an innocence or an arrogance that is almost beyond belief.

Boyer's boss, Health, Education, and Welfare Secretary Joseph Califano, has added his voice to Boyer's, warning that tuition credits would "deliver a devastating blow to public school education in this country," and the entire coalition announced that the plan would lead to "hucksterism" among schools competing for students and to a revival of private segregated academies.

"Tuition Tax Credits Can Kill Your School," blared the front-page headline of the National Education Association newspaper over an illustration showing little red schoolhouses being blasted away. The NEA urged members to "confront" congressional representatives so they know "that teachers are angry and will not tolerate such unjust and unsound legislation." The NEA's rival, the American Federation of Teachers, went one better in an issue of its newspaper devoted entirely to opposing the tuition tax credit bill—this time the little red schoolhouse was menaced by a tornado, and there were even bigger red-letter headlines. The AFT provided samples of the sort of letters to be sent to members of Congress and newspaper editors. And in the space his union buys for him every week in the Sunday *New York Times*, AFT President Albert Shanker prophesied, in italics, that the passage of the tax credit bill "will be the beginning of the end for American public education."

The melodramatic tone of that warning was too much for the curmudgeonly Council for Basic Education, itself a staunch supporter of public schooling. "The statement is fatuous," the *CBE Bulletin* said. "Public education is too well established in America—established in the vogue sense of the word and established deep in the minds of Americans." What has Shanker worried is not the loss of public education, but the loss of jobs for his union members, a totally reasonable fear if parents have the financial means to opt out of the public schools. The *CBE Bulletin* pointed out to its readers that "a tuition tax credit would be intended for the benefit of taxpayers and their children, not for schools and teachers. If, in order to keep students, public schools had really to strive to match the quality of the private and parochial schools which drew them away, American education might begin to achieve the distinction of which it is quite capable."

Two of the leaders of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), Roy Innis and Victor Solomon, have also stressed that tax credits would put much-needed competitive pressure on the public schools. Innis points out: "It is time to give poor and minority families the chance to vote with their feet, the chance to use private education. . . . It is no surprise that tuition tax credits are opposed by school boards and unions. Such bills would put more power in the hands of parents, power to choose schools. This would encroach upon the preserves of the power brokers on the school boards and in the teachers' unions. But that is precisely what is needed."

BUT EVEN AS SHANKER WAS making his dire predictions about the results of the passage of the tuition tax credit legislation in New York, Wilson Riles, California's superintendent of public instruction, was echoing him in Sacramento, saying that Proposition 13 would also mean "the end of public education as we know it now."

Tuition tax credits would force most public schools to improve their programs.

And once the Jarvis-Gann initiative was overwhelmingly approved, Shanker, too, trained his guns on California, calling the measure "a fiscal and social disaster for that state," one that "portends similar disasters for other states which choose to follow California's example." He deplored the loss of local governmental autonomy, and particularly the "cannibalization of jobs" in school districts. "When it comes right down to it," he concluded, "Jarvis-Gann is just another version of tax relief for the rich."

In an interview with *INQUIRY*, Shanker's assistant, Peter Laarman, noted that 21 other states were moving to their own version of Proposition 13. "A terrible thing is happening," he said, namely "a confluence of the extreme right wing with the concept of many people that they're being taken by big government." He talked about "the serious need for school finance reform to relieve the schools from the burden of working under property taxes. School funding must be divorced from resident taxation, and more funding must come from the federal government." (So much for the concern about local control.)

The NEA took a similar line, with its executive secretary, Terry Herndon, labeling Proposition 13 a "calamity" and calling for tax reform that would have the federal government pay for a third of the cost of public schools. At its annual convention in Dallas in July, the NEA hammered home the idea that Proposition 13 was an antitax revolt, not an antischool vote. "The major problem does not lie with the schools but with our inequitable, inefficient system of financing them," the NEA announced in a press release. Why, its own national opinion poll had just found that while "the American public expresses legitimate concern about some educational matters, it is particularly notable that the public, in all demographic groups, continues to express a high degree of confidence in this nation's education system and its teachers and to voice few complaints about the lack of good schools in their own communities." What that meant was that only a quarter of those polled (by Cantril Research with field work and tabulation by the Roper Organization) had given the schools a vote of no confidence, only 45 percent felt that the quality of education has declined in this country, and only 68 percent doubted that most teachers have genuine concern about their students.

It might be expected that the education lobby would respond publicly to measures like tuition tax credits and Proposition 13 with weeping and wailing about the fate of public education, along with attempts to separate its own fortune from the course of the tax revolt. More surprising, its representatives really seem to believe their own

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propaganda, to believe that all is well within education's own house. NEA staffers seemed hurt by the suggestion that there was any lack of public confidence in the schools. When I asked a high-level NEA official in Washington about NEA's position on the increasingly frequent calls for some sensible form of teacher evaluation—at a time when the schools have the luxury of many more teachers to choose from than they have slots—she simply looked bemused and took a "well-it's-always-something-isn't-it" attitude. "These things come in waves," she said. "Last year it was minimum competency. Next year it will be something else." Besides, she noted, the NEA doesn't hire teachers, and it doesn't fire them, so it really wasn't its concern.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN California, school systems were facing up to Proposition 13 in expected ways. The brave talk about operating at full tilt until the money ran out—and then let the taxpayers see how they liked it—was gone. The scare talk that the initiative would eliminate vital services was over. Districts began to pare down their budgets by the 10 or 15 percent the loss in revenues required. In Oakland, when an advisory council of invited representatives of various employee, political, and community groups first met to suggest ways to cut $15 million out of the $104 million budget proposed for next year, the superintendent's office handed council members a list of potential cuts that included basic services but not administration. Understandably, the response of the group was anger. The superintendent's office then found a way to cut first 29 percent of its staff, and then 38 percent, 18 positions that have been costing the taxpayer $573,599 annually. It seems that the average salary of the 18 most expendable employees was nearly $32,000 a year.

The situation of the Sacramento city school system exemplifies the post-Proposition 13 quandary. It cut its budget for the upcoming year from $96 million to $89 million. Salaries were not raised, although such questionable programs—at least in lean times—as a $517,000 high school internship program were maintained. Nonetheless, in spite of the elimination of half of the adult education program and most of summer school, Sacramento's trimmed budget of $89 million for 40,500 students was $1 million larger than the budget of the past year—a year in which there had been 1500 more students. Many items, it seems, are locked in place by state-mandated increases in retirement funds and workers' compensation, and allowances for inflation in the costs of materials and supplies. But, in any case, paying more for less is not what the taxpayers had in mind when they voted overwhelmingly for Jarvis-Gann.

In the meantime, State Superintendent Riles, who led a rally against Proposition 13 cuts, hasn't said a word yet on how he expects to get to work on his own fat bureaucracy or those of the districts he oversees. Shortly after the passage of Proposition 13, the state's auditor general reported that the state Department of Education was wasting $2.24 million annually on textbooks alone by buying at a higher price than necessary, a procedure that is both profligate and illegal. The Little Hoover Commission reported that a large portion of the more than $2.3 billion in state aid to schools is wasted through "tremendous administrative inefficiency" in the state's 1043 school districts. District administrators manage poorly, the commission said, and there's a lack of leadership from the state Department of Education. There are too many schools and too many districts in a time of declining enrollment.

Almost none of these problems will be affected by Jarvis-Gann. Perhaps the bureaucrats and the other vested interests already know what the rest of us may learn in the next year: that the public school system is already beyond the help of the most heroic remedies—such as Proposition 13—that the citizenry can come up with. ❑

Paying more for less education isn't what taxpayers had in mind with Prop. 13.

POLITICS

DAVID WISE

The CIA's Svengalis

"THE GIRLS WERE called on the telephone by the fictitious person and carried on a conversation. During the conversation, the code word was mentioned and, in each case, the girl receiving the telephone call passed from an 'awake' state to a complete trance state, maintaining their eyes open and appearing 'normal' throughout the conversation . . . the transition was completely perfect and would certainly deceive anyone . . . The girls were watched as they moved to the Operations Room and their walking, facial expression, etc. was perfectly normal . . . The test has considerable operational value since anyone using the code word or code could take control of a thoroughly conditioned subject. Further, to the casual observer or individuals about the subject being so induced, it would be impossible to note that a transition had taken place."

The quotation—claiming that CIA experimenters were able to hypnotize people by telephone—appears in one of several hundred documents released bit by bit by the intelligence agency since last summer, when Admiral Stansfield Turner, the CIA's director, announced that he had "discovered" a new cache of records detailing the CIA's mind-control activities.

Taken together, the new documents, largely unreported by the press, reveal considerably more about the CIA's experiments with hypnosis, and with hypnosis and drugs in combination, than has previously been known. And while it is unclear to what extent the CIA ever succeeded in using hypnosis in its operations, the documents do

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shed significant light on the agency's objectives.

The basic purpose of all the CIA's mind-control and drug experimentation was, as one memo candidly put it, to "develop means for the control of the activities and mental capacities of individuals whether willing or not." Or, as another CIA document asked, "Can we get control of an individual to the point where he will do our bidding against his will and even against such fundamental laws as self-preservation?"

The hypnosis research was, of course, part of a larger program of CIA mind-control and drug experiments that, under the code names Artichoke/Bluebird, MKNAOMI, and MKULTRA, were carried out between 1950 and the late 1960s. They included the testing of LSD on unsuspecting American citizens, the death of one subject, Frank Olson, the development of dart guns that inject deadly shellfish toxin, and the stockpiling of poisons and biological agents for use in assassinating foreign leaders.

*THE HYPNOSIS EXPERI-*ments appear to have had several specific goals: the programming of individuals, such as agents of foreign intelligence services, to spy against their own countries (and to have no memory of their actions); the development of robot couriers whose memorized messages could be recalled only under CIA hypnosis; the creation of human tape recorders whose powers of observation and recall would be greatly enhanced by hypnosis; and the development of means to increase the ability of captured agents to resist torture and imprisonment.

It is also possible—although again not entirely clear from the available documents—that the CIA sought to use hypnosis to program assassins. An Artichoke memo of January 1954, released earlier this year, asks that a "hypothetical problem" be evaluated: "Can an individual of (deleted nationality) descent be made to perform an act of attempted assassination, involuntarily, under [the influence of] Artichoke?"

The memo goes on to discuss how this might be accomplished:

> As a "trigger mechanism" for a bigger project, it was proposed that an individual . . . approximately 35 years old, well educated, proficient in English and well established socially and politically in the (deleted) government be induced under Artichoke to perform an act, involuntarily, against a prominent (deleted) politician or if necessary, against an American official . . . After the act of attempted assassination was performed, it was assumed that the subject would be taken into custody by the (deleted) government and "disposed of."

The CIA officials who were asked to evaluate this scheme reported back that it might not be feasible, but, with appropriate authority from headquarters, "the Artichoke team would undertake the problem in spite of operational limitations." A later memo accompanying these documents says: "Herewith report of Artichoke team on first assignment. Considering the speed with which we had to operate, I believe it went extremely well. We were ready when called upon for support, even though the operation did not materialize."

Martin Lee, of the Washington-based Assassination Information Bureau (AIB), which has been studying this and other CIA documents, points out that while the January 1954 memo does not explicitly mention hypnosis, the method contemplated or used would "probably be hypnosis," since drugs alone would not provide sufficient control over a potential assassin. Lee and other AIB officials note that Sheffield Edwards, the security officer for the Artichoke project, was the CIA officer who, a few years later, helped to recruit two Mafia gangsters, John Rosselli and Sam Giancana, to kill Cuban Premier Fidel Castro.

OTHER DOCUMENTS IN THE hypnosis series also suggest that the CIA had murder on its mind. For example, a February 1954 memo reports that a CIA hypnotist was able to get a woman "who had expressed a fear of firearms" to fire a pistol at a sleeping colleague—without being told in advance that the gun was not loaded. The woman was ordered to "pick up a pistol nearby and fire it at Miss (name deleted)." She was told

ED CRUGER

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that "her rage would be so great that she would not hesitate to 'kill.'" The woman "carried out these suggestions to the letter, including firing the gun at Miss (name deleted), then proceeding to fall into a deep sleep." When the "murderer" was awakened, the report said, she recalled nothing, refused to touch the gun, "and absolutely denied that she had ever fired it."

An earlier CIA document asks rhetorically whether a person under hypnosis can "commit an act against his religious or moral scruples or against his training and upbringing." The document answers: "Yes—(name deleted) stated that anything could be done by a person under H including murder." What about suicide? "Yes—(name deleted) only stated this could be accomplished indirectly but implied it could be done directly." A professional hypnotist consulted by the CIA also assured the agency that "individuals could be taught to do anything including murder, suicide, etc."

Most of the CIA's experiments, the documents reveal, were carried out by men or "young," "very suggestible," and "very photogenic" CIA "girls," mostly 19-year-old secretaries at the intelligence agency who volunteered for after-hours work. There is a silken thread of prurient interest discernible through the stilted language of the official reports; a great deal of the research seemed to involve the hiding of documents in bodices, young women lying down on sofas to go into trances, and peepholes and two-way mirrors through which the proceedings were observed.

The slightly leering tone of the research reports is illustrated, for example, by an account of two women placed in a deep sleep in the "Operations Room" and then photographed by another volunteer, who took two pictures, "One picture with (name deleted) reclining on the sofa and the second with (name deleted) sitting upright." More pictures were then taken of one of the secretaries "both in the reclining position and the upright position."

Another X-rated experiment required one of the CIA's hypnotized "girls" to take a secret document "and conceal it on her person next to her body." She is then instructed to proceed to the inevitable sofa, "lie down on her stomach and pass into a deep H trance." After that, another hypnotized woman "entered the room" and "proceeded to very carefully, methodically and in considerable detail search (Miss Blank) for the document. This search, according to witnesses, was exceptionally thorough and included the moving of (Miss Blank's) body into many positions, the opening of her shirt, examination of clothing, even shoes, and ultimately the examination of (Miss Blank's) girdle in which the document was concealed."

This girdle-rummaging "was witnessed through the two-way mirror by (several names deleted)" who reported that the searcher, in a "coma-like state," placed the document "in the top of her stocking" and "made no attempt to rearrange the clothing of (Miss Blank) but left her unconscious and in a disheveled condition on the couch."

*THE CIA RESEARCHER RE*ported with satisfaction that the experiment proved "that a person under deep H could be placed in a very compromising position and could be photographed probably without any knowledge of this taking place." To judge from the report, the CIA man's only regret was that he had not used a smaller secret document: "All of the witnesses agreed that if the document concealed on (Miss Blank) had been the size of a postage stamp (name deleted) would have stopped at nothing to have discovered it . . ."

In yet another experiment, three secretaries were hypnotized inside a CIA building, instructed to "move about in a perfectly normal manner," and sign out of the building, "making certain to carry on fully normal conversations with the guard during this process." The women then got into a car, accompanied a male CIA hypnotist to his apartment, "and upon entering were told to take off their hats and coats and seat themselves on a large sofa in (Mr. Blank's) dinette and again pass into a deep sleep. Thereafter, (Mr. Blank) instructed (name deleted) to open her eyes . . . proceed into the bedroom and again go into a deep sleep state on one of the beds." The report concluded: "This activity clearly indicates that individuals under hypnosis might be compromised and blackmailed."

As the experiments progressed, the CIA scientists began to worry that if *they* had had so much success luring nubile secretaries into bedrooms, adjusting girdles, and whatnot, the Russians might be plotting to use the same techniques against the CIA. Accordingly, work began on a series of films envisioned as a counter to the perceived Soviet threat. The script for one film, entitled *The Black Art,* will serve to convey the general flavor:

> Scene: (Soft background music) 'Oriental' character is shown having a drink with an American agent in appropriate atmosphere. Material added surreptitiously to drink by American agent. After taking drink, Oriental falls asleep and is then shown being placed under hypnosis. . . . Oriental is shown going into opposition headquarters and extracting documentary material from safe . . . Oriental is shown turning over material to American agent who again hypnotizes the Oriental.
> *Commentary: (Modulated soft voice)*
> Could what you have just seen been accomplished without the individual's knowledge?
> Yes!
> Against the individual's will?
> Yes!
> With complete amnesia of performing the act?
> Yes!
> How?
> Through the powers of suggestion and hypnosis.

In a later scene, "a beautiful office girl is shown coming to work. . . . The telephone rings and she is shown answering the telephone. She is then shown entering the next room, going to a safe and extracting a TOP SECRET document from the files and . . . slipping it into her bodice . . . Girl is shown meeting the hypnotist . . . gives him the document."

A great deal of the CIA hypnosis research involved hiding documents in women's bodices.

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A SIMILAR EPIC HAS "MARY Jones," a CIA typist, stealing a secret document while in a trance. The next scene shows Mary typing at her desk as the narrator intones: "This is also Mary Jones. She has no knowledge of what she did last night." The script adds: "As she continues typing, the shadow of either a hammer and sickle or a hand moves across the screen, and the scene fades out."

Although most of the hypnosis experiments took place in the CIA's "Building 13," a number of projects were farmed out to various universities around the country. In one such case, Alden B. Sears, now a Methodist minister in Grant, Nebraska, conducted a series of hypnosis experiments at the University of Denver. The research was covertly financed by the CIA through its medical front, the Geschickter Foundation.

Sears, using students at $1 an hour —wages were lower in the 1950s— attempted to determine whether subjects under hypnosis had improved memories for detail. Obviously, this is a quality of mind that would be of considerable usefulness to a spy. The subjects, Sears said, studied table tops littered with small objects, "miniature trains, miniature horses, cameras, about twenty to twenty-five objects on each table." After studying the tables, the students were asked to recall what they saw. "One woman developed an almost photographic memory," Sears claims.

According to Sears, the Denver experiments ("I thought it was all for the Geschickter Foundation") also sought to measure body changes during hypnosis. "We took blood counts and gave polygraph tests."

Although in general there is nothing very funny about most of the CIA's experiments, a number of the research reports are unintentionally hilarious. One secretary, who was "progressed" into the future under hypnosis, reported to the CIA scientists, their pencils poised, that she was seated at a dinner table eating her grandmother's chicken soup. Another document solemnly relates how CIA agents infiltrated a meeting of dentists to hear a lecture on the use of hypnosis as an anesthetic for drilling teeth.

And sometimes, things went wrong. In one experiment, two women were told they were at a dance, listening to the orchestra. One suddenly awakened and announced, "I don't hear any music." A few minutes later, the second woman said, "I don't hear it either." Exasperated, the CIA Svengalis separated the two women and, the documents relate, hypnotized them each again. This progressed according to plan until (Miss Blank) was again asked to comment on the music she heard from an adjoining room, whereupon she awakened and stated, "I still don't hear it."

CONSIDERABLY LESS AMUSing is an October 1955 CIA memo noting that, while experiments have depended upon volunteers, the use of hypnosis in "covert operations" requires a means for "disguised" hypnosis of "unwitting, unwilling subjects." The memo suggests that equipment used in routine medical exams, such as electrocardiogram machines, audiometers, and ophthalmoscopes, would be ideal for mesmerizing unsuspecting patients.

The memo adds that a metabulator, a machine used in determining the basal metabolic rate, offered the best possibilities since "the subject is under controlled conditions including food and water intake and medication for a maximum of twelve hours. In addition, the operator controls the very air the subject breathes at the time of the test—a perfect situation for increasing the carbon dioxide level, an alleged aid to hypnotic induction."

Yet another document proposes the contruction of "a unique laboratory . . . a special chamber, in which all psychologically significant aspects of the environment can be controlled." The chamber would be equipped with a lie detector and other appropriate devices. "In this setting the various hypnotic, pharmacologic, and sensory-environmental variables will be manipulated in a controlled fashion and quantitative continuous recordings of the reactions of the subjects will be made."

The documents do not make clear whether the CIA ever built its horror chamber, but if so, it would have been the perfect setting for an experiment proposed by the chief of the agency's technical branch. "As far as third-degree tactics are concerned," he wrote in a memo, "we do not know as yet what happens to an hypnotized individual under the third-degree or plied with chemicals of various types. . . . Again this is a test that we hope to carry out in the future, as you know."

DISPATCH

STEVE WEISSMAN

Norwegian spy wars

A SECRET SAGA OF SPIES, saboteurs, and nuclear missile submarines on NATO's arctic flank is threatening to burst into the open here in quiet Norway, as the country's normally easy-going Labor Party government tries in vain to clamp the lid on a wholly unexpected swarm of secrets leakers, muckraking journalists, and self-appointed counterspies.

In the latest episode, a court in Oslo has just found a former intelligence officer and World War II resistance hero —Major Svein Blindheim—guilty of breaking his official oath of secrecy and has given him a 75-day suspended sentence. Major Blindheim had revealed how he once trained a group of anti-Communist Finns in spying and sabotage and then sent them secretly over the Finnish border into the Soviet Union.

A second prosecution this fall threatens two journalists and a free-lance ferret named Ivar Johansen with full-blown charges of espionage. Their crime: compiling an enormous dossier on the Norwegian intelligence services, largely from public sources, and thus opening the door on the Labor government's covert collaboration with NATO and the American CIA in the sophisticated electronic spying that has become so central to the nuclear arms race.

At stake in both prosecutions—and in a continuing hemorrhage of leaks and revelations—is the untold story of how this quiet, peace-loving country came to serve as the number-one base for the United States' northern spy wars.

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Just how seriously the Norwegian government takes the present threat to its secrets can be seen in the difficult—and politically costly—decision to bring charges against the popular and highly respected Major Blindheim. Now in his early sixties and a high-school history teacher, Blindheim was a career officer in the Norwegian army who is widely known as one of the most-decorated survivors of the daring behind-the-lines war against the Nazi occupation of Norway. Blindheim revealed his official secret last summer in *Ny Tid,* the weekly paper of the small Labor Party breakaway, the Socialist Left Party. He told how in the spring of 1953, while serving as a captain on the intelligence staff of the Norwegian High Command, he was sent for several weeks under civilian cover to Helsinki, where in a series of safehouses around the city he gave secret, nighttime lessons on how to spy and sabotage to a group of 15 or so Finnish anti-Communists. He returned to Finland that summer, traveled to a hut in the far-off woods, and helped give a last-minute briefing to the Finns before they slipped silently over the border into the Soviet Union.

"Later I realized that those activities were so provocative that they could have led to serious repercussions for Norway in NATO, both from the Soviet side and from the Finnish," he told *Ny Tid.* But at the time—and for nearly a quarter century after—Blindheim held his tongue. "Those of us who had been active in the resistance during the war were used to not asking questions," he explained. "We gave orders and we took them."

BUT IT IS NOW KNOWN THAT the provocation was much greater than Blindheim had imagined. From the late 1940s, the CIA and British intelligence systematically used bases in Finland and others in Sweden, Denmark, West Germany, and Norway itself to infiltrate secret teams into the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe to gather intelligence *and* to commit acts of sabotage. Recruited largely from right-wing emigré groups, the teams snuck across the Iron Curtain on foot, parachuted in from British and American overflights, or crossed the Baltic in little boats. They often received help from a large network of anti-Soviet agents already in place behind the Iron Curtain, and their exploits included everything from blowing up bridges and wrecking factories to promoting guerrilla war.

Ironically, one of the masterminds of the entire program was the man who had served Hitler as chief of the Third Reich's anti-Soviet intelligence service, the infinitely flexible General Reinhard Gehlen, who at the end of the war turned over to the conquering Americans his anti-Soviet intelligence files and his huge network of Nazi collaborators and agents already behind Soviet lines. Major Blindheim's spy training in Finland in 1953 was a small part of this massive Cold War operation run by the CIA and the British in collaboration with General Gehlen, and it now appears that successive Labor Party governments in Norway backed the operation to the hilt, supplying skilled personnel such as Major Blindheim and permitting the use of at least five bases on Norwegian soil

Johansen's biggest crime was that he made a fool of Norway's government.

—at Kolsas, Örlandet, Rygge, Haakonsvern, and Bodö—despite public pledges not to allow foreign bases on Norwegian soil in times of peace.

Blindheim's initial revelations began and ended with his Finnish experience—an episode that had soured his military career and turned the stubborn nationalist in him increasingly against Norway's involvement in NATO and its growing reliance on nuclear weapons rather than guerrilla-based resistance. But even as his case was coming to court—an apparently senseless prosecution for revealing something that happened 25 years before—a new scandal broke that helped explain why the government might want Blindheim silenced.

The tattletale this time was that model modern bureaucrat, former CIA Director William Colby, who revealed in his newly published memoirs how, as a young CIA man in Stockholm in the early 1950s, he had worked with local allies throughout Scandinavia to cache secret stores of American-supplied weapons and train secret networks of guerrilla fighters to form a new behind-the-lines resistance in the event Soviet troops overran Western Europe.

The entire scheme smacked of the worst kind of Cold War hysteria, and as it happened, one of those in the best position to know—and to tell—the dirty details that Colby left out was none other than Major Svein Blindheim.

As the story is now coming together, the young Blindheim was approached in the summer of 1949, just as Norway was helping to form NATO, and was asked to join the intelligence staff as an expert in guerrilla warfare, working on the very program Colby describes. The scheme involved British intelligence as well as the American CIA. Several top Norwegians—including Blindheim—were sent for a special spy-and-sabotage course at various schools in Britain and at a CIA safehouse down the street from the White House in Washington, D.C. The CIA course prepped the Norwegians on how to spot Russian units, blow up bridges, and wreck factories, and also gave them a large dollop of hard-line anti-Communism.

The secrets of this operation and the cross-border raids are still spilling, and an increasingly angry Major Blindheim is now preparing to tell even more about his military experiences, including his visit to the American special forces base in Germany's Bad Tolz and his Green Beret training at North Carolina's Fort Bragg. He is also encouraging former comrades-in-arms to tell what they know in support of his story. And, despite the suspended sentence, he is appealing to a higher court.

THE SECOND PROSECUTION in Norway—the espionage case coming up this fall against Ivar Johansen and two journalists from *Ny Tid*—brings the story of Norwegian espionage up to the present and beyond, from the good old days of spies and saboteurs to the latest in electronic sensors and atomic war.

The prosecution of the pacifist-minded Johansen, a shy, awkward 27-year-old who works for Oslo's biggest publishing house, is far more serious than the Blindheim case. If Blindheim bothered the Labor government, Johansen scares them to death. Where the government prosecutors tried Blindheim for breaking his oath of secrecy, they are *conducting* the case against Johansen and his two

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journalistic collaborators, Ingolf Teigene and Jan Otto Hauge of the ubiquitous *Ny Tid,* under the highly punitive "Spy Paragraphs," which were passed after World War II to give summary justice to suspected Nazi collaborators. They carry the threat of months and even years in jail.

The reason for the fierce response is obvious. Johansen is a spy, or rather counterspy, and for the past six years he has been spying out the who, what, and where of Norway's entire intelligence effort, from Special Branch surveillance of left-wing activists to the electronic miracles of the previously unknown Defense Intelligence Service, the *Forsvarets Overkommando/Etterretningsstaben* (FO/E).

Starting from scratch, the earnest young Johansen managed to gather an amazing amount of information, which he subsequently turned over to Teigene and Hauge at *Ny Tid.* This included lists of secret telephones, offices, and spy bases, and lists of names, which included one of Norway's top spy-masters, another Johansen, who turned out to be a close confidant of the Labor Party leadership.

The method of Johansen the counterspy was a model of the hard-work, open-sources school of investigation that is making life miserable for secrets-loving governments everywhere. He found the telephone numbers in local directories, called the appropriate offices, asked the right questions, and got the answers he needed. He also checked out the license plate numbers of the cars parked in front of key offices, read carefully through official publications, and openly interviewed past and present government officials.

His biggest crime, in fact, was that he made fools of the government and the intelligence professionals, and all on his own, as even the government has been forced to admit. No enemy agents. No foreign intelligence services. Just plain Ivar Johansen.

Almost in passing, he uncovered what the Labor government most wanted to hide—that the FO/E and American "liaison officers" were running a string of top-secret electronic monitoring bases, at least three of them close to the Norwegian-Soviet border and the Soviets' military complex at Murmansk.

From what is now known, the CIA and FO/E use some of these eavesdropping stations to keep close track of Soviet radar defenses, flying aircraft provocatively close to Soviet airspace and forcing the Soviets to put their defense systems into operation. This allows the CIA and FO/E to get an electronic fix on Soviet radar tracking and the communications signals surrounding the related aircraft and missile defenses. The South Korean airliner that strayed over the Murmansk area in April triggered the same Soviet responses, and as news accounts inadvertently revealed, it was the Norwegian listening stations that picked up the signals from the Soviet base that forced the airplane to land.

ADDITIONAL WORK ON Johansen's lists has led other researchers—notably at the International Peace Research Institute in Oslo (PRIO)—to look into the undersea tracking of Soviet missile-carrying submarines sailing past the Norwegian coast from Murmansk. According to published reports, the tracking is now so good that Western intelligence can consistently pinpoint the whereabouts of individual Soviet subs in the northern seas, which would permit their destruction in case of nuclear war.

As in the Blindheim case, of course, the Soviets already know of Norway's present role in the electronic Cold War. But, within Norway, there is a widespread and highly articulate feeling that the country should honor its commitment not to permit foreign bases and nuclear weapons in times of peace. Hence, the matter of the Labor Party's longtime collaboration with the CIA is so potentially explosive that successive governments have gone to enormous lengths to keep the bases secret. Victor Marchetti and John Marks mentioned the bases in the original manuscript of *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence.* Oslo found out, protested vigorously to Washington, and, after a lengthy court battle, the Norwegian passages were deleted from the book, along with other sections that the CIA was allowed to censor.

Now, in the case of Ivar Johansen and his lists, the Norwegian government is using the threat of long prison sentences to put the lid back on its most closely held secrets, especially the longtime cooperation with the CIA in what one critic calls "the emerging threat of electronic aggression." But, as in the Blindheim case, the threats of punishment are only encouraging new leaks and exposés.

Some governments never learn. ❏

POLITICS

BANNING GARRETT and MARK PAUL

Trading on human rights

LAST YEAR IN PEKING, A political dissident tacked up a wall poster at Tsing Hua University demanding to know why his government had not published the Helsinki accord. He was subsequently "exposed" as a "rightist" and apparently arrested. "There is a class character in human rights," Chinese Foreign Minister Huang Hua reportedly explained to an audience of top Communist Party officials. "From the standpoint of different classes, the standards of human rights vary. Some bourgeois newspapers and publications have joined the anti-Communist and anti-Chinese chorus to condemn us for a lack of human rights. Such allegations only expose the anti-Chinese nature of the handful of clowns, and will not hurt our national prestige a single iota."

Huang was apparently right. Earlier this summer, the Carter administration decided to loosen controls on the export of high technology to China, including oil equipment, and the White House sent to Peking the largest delegation of research officials that Washington has ever assembled.

Carter's decision to aid China in its campaign of economic and technical development stands in stark contrast to the administration's actions toward another opponent of human rights, the Soviet Union. In July, amid great publicity, Carter retaliated against the Soviet Union for the conviction of human-rights activists Aleksandr Ginzburg and Anatoly Shcharansky by blocking the sale of a Univac com-

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puter to Moscow and bringing under direct White House control all future exports of oil technology to the Soviets. This decision was widely applauded; the move to help the Chinese was barely noted.

What is most remarkable about these two decisions is not the inconsistency between them. Nor is it the hypocrisy of punishing one foe of human rights while turning a blind eye to the offenses of another. Rather, the decisions are notable because they represent the triumph within the administration of the hard-line tactics toward the Soviet Union that National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski and his aide, Samuel Huntington, have been pushing since the beginning of Carter's term in office. Publicly explained as a response to the trials of dissidents Shcharansky and Ginzburg, these tactics are part of a wider Cold War strategy and have little to do, except at the farthest remove and the most dizzying ideological heights, with human rights. The trials of the Soviet dissidents only provided Brzezinski and his staff an opportunity to sell the President and the American people on a policy that might in any other guise have appeared unacceptable.

Using economic policy as a diplomatic weapon is nothing new in Soviet-American relations. In the closing months of World War II, both Presidents Roosevelt and Truman tried to use the prospect of American reconstruction aid as a device to make the Soviets more tractable in Eastern Europe. Later, during the 1950s and 1960s, American exports to the Soviet Union dwindled as the U.S. government embargoed shipments of goods that might contribute to Soviet military or economic strength. This policy was reversed in the late 1960s when, in an era of détente, American leaders—particularly Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger—hoped that increased exports to Russia would help create a bond of dependency that Soviet leaders would be loath to break by acts of adventurism.

IF KISSINGER SAW TRADE AS A carrot that he might dangle in front of the Soviets, Brzezinski and his staff have been more inclined to view it as a stick with which they might punish the Russians for violations of the "code of détente," especially in Africa and the Middle East.

Last year, in Presidential Review Memorandum 10, the Carter administration's initial assessment of global strategy, policymakers concluded that the superior economic and technological capabilities of the United States would give it political advantages over the Soviets even in an era when the two major powers had reached essential equivalence in strategic forces and an overall military balance. When the broad outlines of PRM 10 were distilled into policy recommendations last August in Presidential Directive 18, Carter ordered the government to seek ways of using America's nonmilitary power as a diplomatic tool against the Soviets.

BRUCE McGILLIVRAY

In their search for a usable economic weapon, Brzezinski and his staff have increasingly focused on oil technology, a key area of Soviet weakness, according to National Security Council studies. Early this year, Samuel Huntington was telling private meetings of the possibility of cutting off oil equipment to pressure the Russians. By June, when he addressed a select gathering of government officials, scholars, and business leaders at West Point, Huntington was advocating a plan to give the White House direct control of advanced-technology exports to the Soviet Union. This proposal, Huntington told the West Point meeting, was the result of the NSC's search for a tool of economic pressure that could be used without congressional restriction or bureaucratic interference. The new controls, he explained, would permit the President to regulate the flow of technology to the Soviets, rewarding or punishing the Soviets for specific actions. Huntington said he was especially interested in blocking a $144 million deal between Moscow and Dresser Industries for a factory to manufacture high-speed drill bits that supposedly last five times as long as the Soviet product and would quicken the pace of deep-hole drilling in Siberia.

That deal—which had been approved May 30 by the "Operating Committee," an interagency group headed by the Commerce Department—became the subject of public debate and presidential scrutiny in early July, during the trials of the Soviet dissidents. Losing the internal bureaucratic struggle over U.S.–Soviet trade policy, Huntington began to lobby cold warriors on Capitol Hill to oppose the deal. This raised some eyebrows. Even in a capital city which has grown somewhat accustomed to the bizarre ways of the Carter White House, some were displeased to have presidential aides rounding up opposition to the President's policy. (Three

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weeks earlier, Carter had said, "We have never tried to threaten the Soviet Union, we have never held out the prospect of increased or decreased trade if they did not or did do a certain thing we thought was best.") Senator Daniel Moynihan (D.-N.Y.) took the floor of the Senate to oppose the Dresser deal, but also expressed annoyance at the "uncommon persistence with which the opponents of these particular sales have pressed their case."

But Carter, under strong public and congressional pressure to make some strong response to the Moscow trials, appeared not to have been bothered by Huntington's unusual lobbying. On July 18 Carter decided to reverse his policy against using trade and technology as a weapon against Moscow, blocking the sale of a Univac computer to TASS, the Soviet news agency, and bringing control of oil technology sales into the White House.

*ALTHOUGH CARTER DE-*cided in August to let the Dresser deal go through, the NSC machinery is now in place to carry out the Huntington-Brzezinski tactic of using technology sales as a lever against the Soviets. An intense debate over the effectiveness of this tactic continues within the administration: Officials in the Commerce, Treasury, and State departments deny that the United States has a monopoly on advanced oil technology and doubt that other industrial countries would cooperate in embargoing sales of oil equipment. But Carter has skewed the debate by giving Brzezinski and his allies the power to review all sales. It seems inevitable that they will succeed in selectively blocking future technology exports to punish the Soviets for transgressions, real or imagined.

Beyond the practical objections raised within the government to this new policy, there are serious questions that need to be answered. Why do American officials believe that the Soviets will give in to economic blackmail? Russian leaders have always been particularly sensitive to such pressure tactics, and in the past they have chosen to go without Western economic aid rather than to alter internal policies. In the 1940s, this kind of pressure and reaction helped freeze Soviet-American relations into the Cold War. Today, after 30 years of nuclear build-up, new tensions of this kind threaten the few fragile controls on the arms race. But perhaps these are risks Brzezinski and Huntington are willing to take for the sake of bolstering American strength vis-à-vis the Soviet Union.

The Huntington-Brzezinski tactics carry a particularly pointed message because they have been combined with the new drive to help China, the arch-enemy of the Soviet Union, in its development plans. The United States has not adopted an official public policy of favoring Peking over Moscow in the transfer of oil technology. But the handwriting is on the wall. The administration has given direct government backing to four U.S. oil companies that have talked with Chinese leaders about establishing offshore drilling operations and selling oil technology to China, and Energy Secretary James Schlesinger is headed to Peking for more discussions. President Carter has also approved the sale to Peking of advanced airborne geological scanning equipment for oil exploration—equipment which has potential military uses and reportedly would be barred from sale to the Soviet Union. Increased production and export of oil will help the Chinese carry out the planned modernization of their military forces by buying sophisticated weapons in the West, purchases that the Carter administration will not oppose, as the United States has done in the past.

Although President Carter has denied that he is "playing the China card" to pressure the Russians, the Soviets are not so foolish as to believe him. Nor are they likely to swallow the line, as many American liberals have, that the new policy on technology transfers is supposed to be a blow for human rights. The Soviets are aware, even if some Americans—including the President—tend to forget it, that China, ally to Cambodia and Zaire, is not a champion of human rights. To the Russians, Carter's latest move will appear as part of a cynical strategy to challenge what they regard as basic Soviet interests. And they are likely to respond in kind.

*IT IS DISMAYING THAT CAR-*ter is willing to undermine the shaky structure of détente by using such tactics. It is even more disappointing that Americans who favor peace *and* human rights have not raised a greater outcry against these tactics. The Vietnam War taught a whole generation that however fervently U.S. leaders tried to identify American interests with what are now called human rights, the two categories were not synonymous and were, in fact, often in conflict. If nothing else, Vietnam showed that efforts to impose American values on others can be futile and cruel. But many Americans, forgetting the lessons of the recent past, have begun to look again to the American government as a desirable instrument for promoting liberal values. In so doing, they lend their moral fervor to the support of Brzezinski's amoral tactics of power politics.

This is what the architects of the administration's human-rights campaign have wanted all along. In his study of the "problem" of "governability" in the industrial democracies, Samuel Huntington wrote of the sense of distrust that had begun to undercut the legitimacy of America's governing institutions in the years of the Vietnam War and the need to reestablish the authority of America's ruling elite. Carter administration officials, including Huntington, have hoped that the human-rights campaign would help accomplish that aim. Last year, a high official told the *New York Times* that Carter's human-rights speeches were intended to serve as a rallying point for the renewal of national pride and trust. In one speech, Carter himself called the human-rights issue "a beacon light that will make our people proud and say we stand for something." Recreating this sense of identity between liberal ideals and American interests would give the administration greater flexibility to conduct its foreign policy, and would revive the ideological justification for American intervention everywhere in the world. ❏

Some Americans forget that China is not a great champion of human rights.

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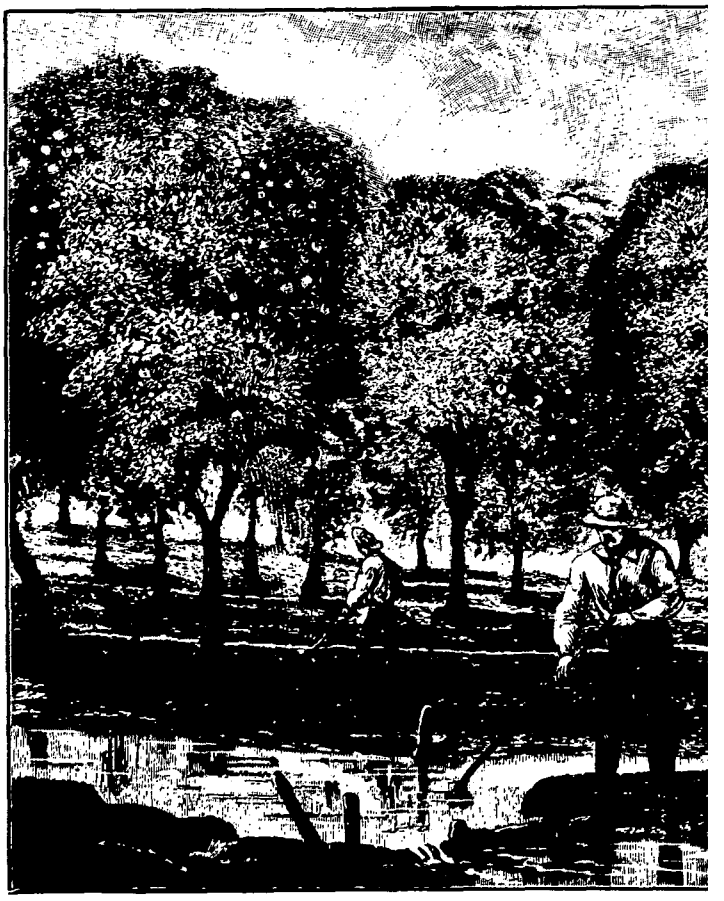
How federal irrigation

THE GREA WATER

By STEPH



THE FERTILE FARMLANDS OF SOUTHERN AND central California look like a sentimental vision of pastoral peace and contentment, but for the last year they have served as a battlefield. The culmination of three-quarters of a century of bitter skirmishing, the fight was sparked by an announcement by Interior Secretary Cecil Andrus in August 1977 that the administration had drafted a new set of regulations designed to break up large landholdings in places like California's San Joaquin and Imperial valleys, which receive water from federal irrigation projects. Andrus's proposed regulations came in response to a 1976 court order that the Interior Department draft comprehensive rules for the enforcement of the Reclamation Act of 1902, a law hitherto administered on a case-by-case basis.

Andrus's critics have denounced the proposal as a "revolutionary social experiment"; his defenders have portrayed the controversy as a struggle between an evil Goliath, represented by the large landholders, and a good David, embodied in the small farmers and tenants who stand to gain from the redistribution. In reality, there is nothing romantic about the battle over Interior's new rules; it is nothing more than a scramble between two opposing interest groups over who will reap the ill-gotten gains of the federal reclamation program. Both sides claim to speak for the public interest, but neither is willing to contemplate any measures that would genuinely benefit the public. No matter which side wins, the public will be the loser.

The reclamation program began 76 years ago as a modest effort to turn arid lands in 16 western states (a seventeenth, Texas, was added in 1906) into productive farmland by building dams, storage reservoirs, and canals to provide irrigation. Drawing on the provisions of earlier homestead laws, the program also aimed at encouraging the growth of family farms by restricting ownership of land served by federal water to 160 acres per family member and by requiring the owners to live on or near the land. Over the years, however, it has developed into a classic case of a small group of private beneficiaries manipulating government assistance for their own enrichment, to the point where the original program is barely recognizable. The Bureau of Reclamation now has 174 operating projects, representing a total federal investment of $6.3 billion. Reclamation water serves some 11 million irrigable acres, which in 1976 produced 59 million tons of crops worth more than $4 billion. An additional $11 billion has been authorized for projects already approved by Congress, but President Carter has estimated that they eventually will cost more than $40 billion to complete; outside estimates run as high as $100 billion.

Interior's new rules are supposed to implement the spirit, instead of the mere letter, of the 1902 act. Circumvention of the acreage limitation and the residency requirement proved easy because of the lack of any restrictions on leasing and the omission of any mention of residency in a subsequent law, the Omnibus Adjustment Act of 1926. Farmers who wanted to expand beyond the legal limit simply leased the land instead of buying it, and paper corporations sprang up to permit the consolidation of huge holdings by investors who formally owned 160 acres each. In California's Westlands Water District, for example, the Southern Pacific Land Company owns 109,000 acres; other large landholders include Boston Ranch (24,000 acres), Standard Oil (11,000), and Anderson Clayton and Company, which owns 11,000 acres and farms 26,000. The Carter administration has taken a dim view of such evasion of the law's original purposes. In an effort to stop it, Interior proposed that leasing be limited to 160 acres per person and that the residency requirement be reinstated, forcing landowners to live within 50 miles of their holdings. To prevent insider deals, the new rules required that all land sales be made by lottery; to prevent speculation and windfall gains from the federal investment, they stipulated that prices had to reflect the value of the land without irrigation.

The effect of the draft regulations was magnified considerably by a court decision handed down only a week earlier,

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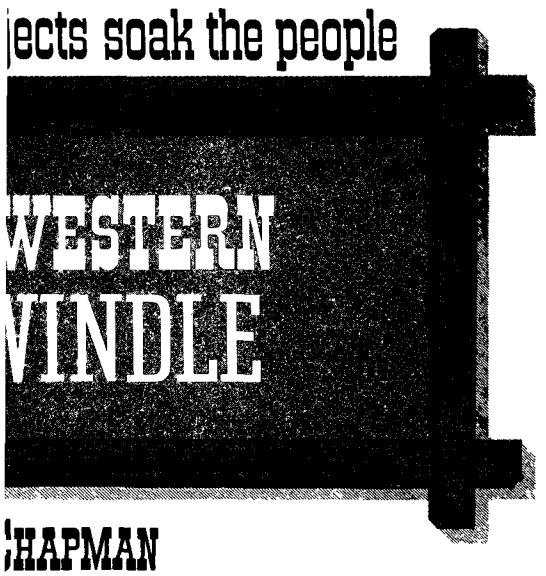

ruling that the Imperial Valley, long regarded as exempt from the 160-acre limitation, was subject to the same rules as any other reclamation project. Although the Imperial Irrigation District immediately moved to appeal the decision, the Reclamation Bureau has instructed landowners to sign contracts to dispose of 265,000 acres of excess land. Imperial's exemption has always rested on a shaky foundation, namely a 1933 letter from Interior Secretary Ray Lyman Wilbur contending that the acreage restriction did not apply to the valley. Wilbur wrote the letter in the final weeks of the Hoover administration at the request of Imperial landowners who feared Roosevelt might try to enforce reclamation laws on them. Hence they took pains to request that no opinion be issued unless it declared their lands exempt. Prodded by an enterprising young assistant named Northcutt Ely, whom the Imperial Irrigation District later retained as legal counsel, Wilbur obliged.

In 1977, faced with the prospect of losing a great deal of federal assistance, California growers quickly mobilized against Interior's proposed regulations. Taking a page from the handbooks of environmental groups—with whom the growers had never felt any kinship—they filed suit to block enforcement of the rules until their environmental impact could be weighed. On December 2, a federal district court granted the request, ordering the Reclamation Bureau to draft a comprehensive environmental impact statement. Bureau officials expect the preparation of the statement and subsequent revision of the regulations to take as long as a year and a half, meaning the administration will not be able to begin implementing its program until late in 1979.

Last fall and winter, Interior held hearings around the country to give those likely to be affected by the new regulations a chance to sound off. In April Andrus announced several changes in his proposal. The most notable change was his recommendation that each resident adult be allowed to rent and lease a total of 480 acres, provided he owned no more than 320; under this rule, a family of two or more persons would be entitled to own and lease up to 960 acres. Present owners would not have to comply with the residency requirement, but subsequent buyers would. Owners would be allowed to sell their excess lands to immediate family members, adjoining neighbors, or tenants or employees who had been on the land for 10 years or longer; all other buyers would be chosen by lottery.

Interior's decision to strictly enforce the provisions of the original Reclamation Act is the second prong of the administration's efforts to alter federal water policy. Carter would also like to reduce federal investments in water projects (including those of both the Bureau of Reclamation and the Army Corps of Engineers), which he rightly regards as representative of old-fashioned pork-barrel politics at its worst. Barely a month after taking office, he provoked a bitter fight with Congress by announcing a tentative list of authorized projects he wanted stricken from the fiscal year 1978 budget. Most members of Congress bristled at this presidential interference in their traditional preserve and resented Carter's failure to consult or inform Congress before announcing his decision. Despite the salvos from Capitol Hill, the President refused to retreat. In April he submitted a final list of 18 projects he wanted eliminated and five more he wanted substantially modified, which would save $1.5 billion. Carter retained some of the most expensive projects, however, including the $1.4 billion Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway and the $909 million Red River Waterway, and he requested only a $333 million cut in funds for the huge $1.7 billion Central Arizona Project. Only partly mollified by these concessions, Congress restored funds for eight of the projects Carter deleted and two of those he modified. The battle resumed this year, when the House Public Works Appropriations Subcommittee reinstated the eight projects killed last year. Defying a threatened veto, the House approved the resurrected projects.

The most striking feature of the controversy over the 160-acre limitation is that both sides have focused on the rules and not on the underlying rationale for them. The federal government has never imposed such restrictions on ordinary farmland; the justification for applying an acreage limitation and a residency requirement on owners of recla-

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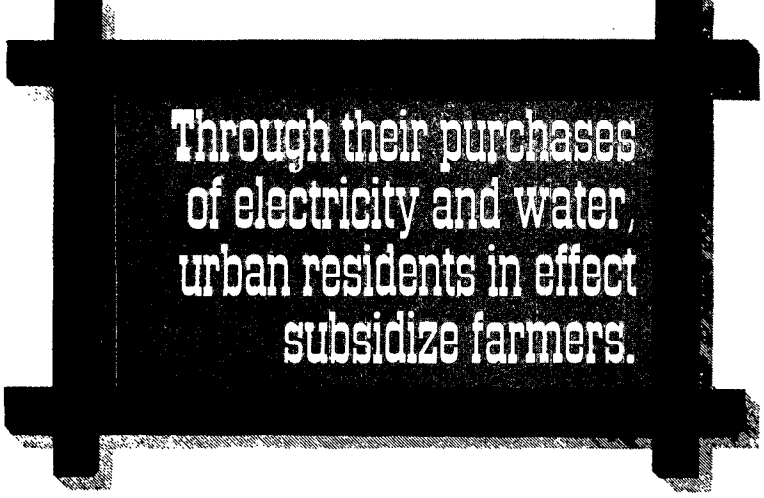

mation land is that they receive a federal subsidy. Interior thinks that farmers who receive Reclamation Bureau water should play by its rules; owners of government-irrigated land contend that the new rules would make their operations less efficient. Overlooked in the hullabaloo is the more fundamental question of whether the federal government should be subsidizing these farmers, and the broader issue of the proper role of the government in the nation's agriculture.

FEDERAL INVESTMENT IN RECLAMATION HAS far exceeded anything that Congress could have imagined when it passed the Reclamation Act in 1902. Reclamation projects originally were supposed to be self-supporting, financed out of a revolving fund initially set up with money from the sale of public lands in the western states. In fact, the law permitted the interior secretary to begin new projects only so long as money remained in the fund. Farmers receiving federal water had to repay all capital construction costs over a 10-year period, interest-free. During congressional debate, the bill's sponsors repeatedly promised that the water projects would need no additional revenue. In practice, the program has lived up to the predictions of its critics, one of whom warned, ". . . this bill is simply an opening wedge to unlock the doors of the Treasury . . . the fund arising from the sale of arid lands will be a decreasing fund from this day forward . . . the result will be that this whole stupendous and extravagant scheme, involving an unlimited sum of money, will be settled upon the American people and paid out of general taxation." Another opponent denounced the bill as "a scheme of speculators and land grabbers to loot the National Treasury for private profit." As the bill's detractors foresaw, the reclamation fund, never self-supporting, has required continuing infusions of money from general revenues.

Congress has also loosened the terms of repayment for landowners. In 1914 they were given a total of 20 years to repay the construction costs of the water projects that provided their irrigation, and in 1926 the repayment period was extended to 40 years. Trying to ease the plight of farmers ravaged by the Depression, Congress voted in 1939 to permit a 10-year grace period following completion of a project before the beneficiaries had to begin reimbursing the government; moreover, it required owners to repay only what they could afford, as determined by the Reclamation Bureau.

The interest-free provision by itself provides a huge subsidy to reclamation landowners. A 1973 report by the National Water Commission calculated that, in one unit of the Missouri River Basin Project, farmers were repaying only 12 percent of the real costs of the irrigation construction; in another, they were repaying only 3 percent. The Water Resources Council, a private group, estimates that, on the average, farmers repay only 18 percent of real costs. Even if the project costs for irrigation are regarded as a capital obligation that is not repaid, with the repayment charges regarded as a perpetual return on the investment, the return, according to the water commission, "will be extraordinarily low. In 22 units of the Missouri River Basin Project, the return rate by such calculation exceeds 1 percent in the case of only one unit (where the rate is 1.65 percent). The other 21 units have rates ranging from a low of zero percent (five units) to a high of 0.90 percent." These repayments, by the way, apply only to those portions of the project that are allocated to irrigation; other portions allocated to such uses as flood control and recreation are not repaid by anyone. A number of critics of the Bureau of Reclamation, including the comptroller general, have accused it of allocating some irrigation costs to nonreimbursable features, thus reducing the obligations of landowners. The cost of this surreptitious subsidy, however, is impossible to measure.

Sizable though it is, the interest subsidy is not the only subsidy reclamation landowners get. Although the Bureau of Reclamation initially provided water only for farm irrigation, it now also sells water to generate power and to serve municipal and industrial water users. Through their purchases of electricity and water, urban residents and businesses in effect subsidize reclamation farmers. The costs in each project allocated to these purposes, like irrigation, are classified as reimbursable; reimbursable costs account for about 84 percent of total project expenditures. About two-thirds of reimbursable costs are paid by revenues from electricity and water provided for uses other than irrigation, with farmers paying only the fraction remaining—even though farmers received 25.8 million acre-feet of water in 1976, compared to only 2.1 million provided for other uses.

Many irrigators get their water at bargain rates. In the Westlands Water District in California, for example, the present contract with the Bureau of Reclamation sets the rate at $7.50 per acre-foot—a rate frozen until the year 2008. The contract has neither an escalator clause nor any provision for periodic renegotiation of the water rate to keep it in line with costs. (Since then, expansion by Westlands has required that a new contract be negotiated; the bureau insists that it include a rate adjustment provision, but Westlands has so far resisted the change.) In the state water project near Westlands, by contrast, the rate is $23 per acre-foot; in the nearby San Felipe federal reclamation project, water costs $17.50 per acre-foot. Westlands farmers pay only about a third of the actual cost of delivering the water, according to the California Department of Water Resources. Their subsidy in cheap water amounts to $16 million annually.

Taken together, these subsidies represent a huge windfall to reclamation farmers. In Westlands, the total subsidy has been calculated by the comptroller general at $658 million, or $1150 per acre. This is a conservative estimate. A special Interior Department task force recently figured the Westlands subsidy at $770 million, or $1540 per acre. For the entire Central Valley project, the task force estimated the subsidy at a staggering $2.7 billion, or $1100 per acre. A Westlands grower with a 160-acre farm thus gets a subsidy of $246,400, while a farmer with 960 acres receives nearly

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$1.5 million. The subsidy to the district's biggest landowner, Southern Pacific, adds up to nearly $170 million. These figures don't take into account the bonus many owners get when they sell their land. Although the bureau's appraisal procedures are supposed to prevent owners from selling at prices reflecting the value of the irrigation subsidies, both the General Accounting Office and the Interior Department task force have said that the procedures are badly flawed and need substantial changes.

So far the bureau's critics have mentioned these subsidies only to rationalize breaking up large holdings of reclamation land. In addition to skirting what should be the central issue, the critics are late in trying to cut down the size of holdings through enforcement of the acreage limitation, because most of the big landowners, in Westlands for example, are already in compliance with the 160-acre limitation. The bureau permits water deliveries to owners of excess land if they have signed recordable contracts to dispose of the land within 10 years. Therefore, the limit on ownership won't affect Southern Pacific, although any restrictions on leasing may affect both the company and the farmers who have bought its excess land. Less than one-seventh of the excess land in Westlands is ineligible for reclamation water.

In other districts, the acreage limitation has always been enforced. Only in the Imperial Valley and several Corps of Engineers projects recently brought under Reclamation Bureau rules will many landowners be subject to the new regulations. Because of court rulings in the last year, 265,000 acres in the Imperial Valley and another 660,000 acres under Corps of Engineers projects are now classified as excess land.

*FOR BETTER OR WORSE, THE INTERIOR DE-*partment's proposed regulations are a far cry from the revolutionary land reform depicted by both supporters and critics. They would have no more than a negligible effect on American agriculture. Farms served by reclamation projects make up less than 3 percent of the nation's farmland, and have little more than half a million residents. The controversy is not a struggle of the many against the few, but of the few against the fewer. Based on the regulations issued last August, the Department of Agriculture has estimated that only about 1000 new farms would be created in Westlands and the Imperial Valley (currently 145,000 farms get federal irrigation). Under Interior's plan, the gigantic federal subsidies would be spread around to only a few thousand more people.

The real scandal in the federal reclamation program is not the inequitable distribution of the subsidies, but the subsidies themselves, which involve huge transfers of money from city-dwellers to farmers through power and water revenues, and between an estimated $1 billion and $3 billion in federal money every year. Not only do these water projects enrich a small class of private beneficiaries at public expense, but they provide no real benefits to the nation's agriculture—in fact they work to frustrate the federal government's efforts to solve some of the chronic problems afflicting American farmers. Furthermore, the reclamation program promotes waste and excessive use of water, without regard for conditions of severe drought and the growing need for water conservation in recent years.

From the standpoint of the nation's agricultural policy, the most obvious effect of the reclamation program is that it expands the amount of available farmland. But for most of the last half-century, the central problem of American agriculture has been not underproduction but overproduction, which keeps farmers' prices chronically low and forces hundreds of thousands of people off the land every year.

The acreage controversy is not a struggle of the many against the few, but of the few against the fewer.

In an effort to help out marginal farmers threatened by these problems, the federal government maintains price supports for major crops, guaranteeing a minimum price to farmers. In an effort to boost prices, it has tried to reduce production through such devices as acreage allotments, which restrict the amount of land that can be cultivated in certain crops. In theory, the acreage allotments are supposed to keep production low enough to make the price supports superfluous, but in practice, the two measures work against each other. By guaranteeing farmers a minimum price, the supports encourage farmers to produce as much as they can. Even a 20 percent reduction in acreage normally will cut production by only about 10 percent, since farmers will leave idle only their worst acres and increase their use of water, fertilizers, and pesticides in order to boost output.

By giving reclamation farmers big subsidies and cheap water, the federal government further exacerbates the contradictions in its agricultural policies, and enlarges the surplus that keeps prices depressed. Even as the Department of Agriculture is trying to help farmers with price supports, the Department of the Interior is aggravating the conditions that make them necessary: 40 percent of reclamation acreage is devoted to crops which are covered by USDA price support programs. Here again, reclamation drains money from the taxpayers, since the price support program provides that whenever a farmer can't get the support price in the marketplace, the government will buy his crop at that price. The more land cultivated in price-supported crops, the higher the government's commodity payments will be.

In the long run, though, the net result of reclamation subsidies may be a shift of farming from one part of the country to another, not an increase in total production. The reclamation program has stimulated an expansion of western agriculture, particularly that on lands irrigated with federal water at the expense of established farmers in the rest of the country. A 1971 study by economists Charles W. Howe and K. William Easter noted that between 1944 and 1964 total farm acreage fell by a third in the South and 15 percent in the North, but only declined 3 percent in the West. Harvested acreage served by federal reclamation water increased by more than 60 percent in the same period, since large subsidies to reclamation lands, combined with reliable water supplies, were attractive to shrewd farmers. The trend has continued since

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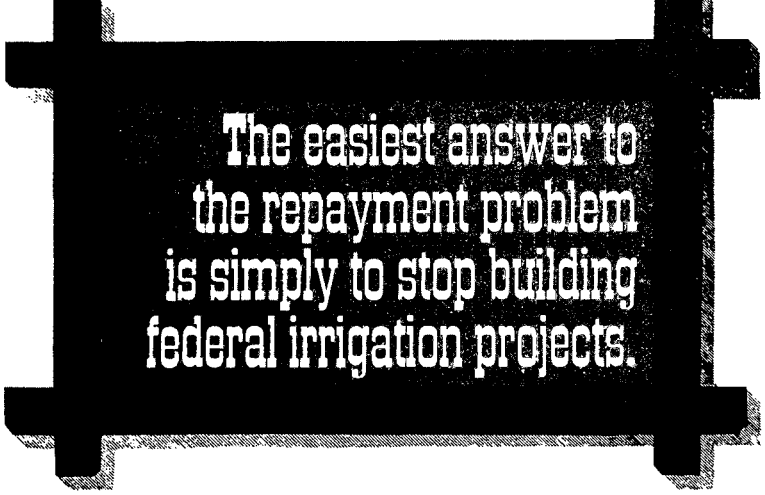

Howe and Easter completed their study. Between 1975 and 1976, for example, the population of American farms dropped by nearly 7 percent; on reclamation lands, however, the farm population grew by one percent.

In effect, the public is subsidizing reclamation farmers by giving them an artificial competitive advantage over farmers in the rest of the country. It is paying, in other words, to put established farmers out of business. The effects of federal irrigation on the geographical distribution of farming are as unmistakable as they are far-reaching. Said Howe and Easter: ". . . from 5 to 17 million acres of cropland have been displaced by the 1944–64 increase in reclamation irrigation. In terms of income forgone this impact would fall within the range of $50 million to $170 million annually." Not only are nonreclamation farmers thus subsidizing their competitors, most of whom could not survive without continuing federal assistance, but the rest of the country is subsidizing the West, and particularly California. In the end, the nation receives no net benefit from this shift; at the same time, the shift does impose a very high cost in subsidies and lost efficiency.

Last year's prolonged drought in California brought attention to another ill effect of the federal irrigation program: it promotes excessive use of water. In fact, the entire reclamation program could hardly be designed better, if one's purpose in designing it were to waste water. The central purpose of the original Reclamation Act, after all, was to permit the use of water that otherwise wouldn't be used, for the cultivation of lands that for the most part were inherently uneconomical for growing crops (if they were economical, of course, farmers would have settled and cultivated them without the intervention of the Bureau of Reclamation). Since they have to pay only a small portion of the actual costs of delivering the water, farmers on reclamation lands have meager incentives to conserve it. They pay less than 20 percent of the capital construction costs, meaning, in the words of one observer, that the water is "four-fifths free." As in Westlands, rates may cover barely a third of the real cost of the water. As a result, reclamation farmers use water extravagantly. A GAO report two years ago concluded that over half of the irrigation water delivered to farmers is wasted through overwatering—which in 1976 amounted to nearly 13 million acre-feet, or more than 4 billion gallons. But as long as someone else is paying for it, reclamation farmers will continue to overwater their crops.

The huge costs of the reclamation programs to taxpayers and electricity users and the problems that arise from subsidizing farmers on reclamation lands have nothing to do with the 160-acre limitation, the residency requirement, or any of the "reforms" proposed by the Department of the Interior. By focusing on these narrow and ultimately insignificant issues, the Carter administration is beholding the mote in its brother's eye, but considering not the beam in its own. Neither the taxpayers nor those who subsidize reclamation farmers through their purchases of power will benefit in the least from breaking up holdings of "excess lands," and only a handful of farmers will gain anything by it.

INSTEAD OF SQUABBLING WITH WESTERN landowners over how best to divide up the spoils of the reclamation program, the administration should be taking steps to reduce its cost to people who get no benefit from it, and to require farmers on reclamation projects to pay for the full costs of the water they get. By trying to block the construction of some new projects, the President is moving in the right direction, but he hasn't gone nearly far enough. On new projects, Congress should require beneficiaries to repay all capital costs, including interest; in cases where such repayment looks improbable, the projects shouldn't be built. In fact, the easiest answer to the repayment problem is simply to stop building water projects to provide farm irrigation. After all, if the farmers involved can pay for the cost of building and operating such projects, they shouldn't need the federal government to handle it. If that means, however, that no more arid land will be reclaimed, then so be it. There is plenty of good farmland elsewhere, more in fact than is needed for the foreseeable future.

On projects already built, the burden on the nation's taxpayers could be eased in two ways: first, by requiring periodic renegotiation of water rates to ensure that they cover costs (as Interior has proposed); and second, by permitting exemptions from Reclamation Bureau rules for irrigation districts and landowners who make full repayment, with interest, of their share of their project's capital costs. Besides reducing the cost of water projects to the government, these changes make a reasonable compromise between the two sides of the acreage limitation issue. Growers who want to farm large holdings would be allowed to do so, but only in exchange for giving up their subsidies. Keeping water rates in line with costs would offer strong incentives for badly needed conservation, in addition to forcing beneficiaries of the reclamation program to carry a bigger share of the cost load.

Such drastic changes in federal water policy have gotten little attention from Congress and the administration, mainly because they would anger farmers who benefit from taxpayer-subsidized irrigation and those who hope to get a cut of the action. Pressure groups and lobbyists who assume the appropriateness of continued federal subsidy of the landholders are vocal and well organized, and they are the only people who have any interest in water policy. What comes out of the debates in Congress over the new regulations will only affect how the reclamation plunder is divided up; no one is talking about stopping the plunder. Merely changing reclamation rules will not cut the cost of irrigation to taxpayers and electricity buyers, reduce the huge subsidies to a small group of private beneficiaries, help farmers displaced in other parts of the country, or discourage the extravagant waste of scarce water supplies. The current controversy is not a fight over the public interest. No one yet has dared to speak up for the public.

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Mendocino

Exposed to a summer of grey air
and milky hills misshaped by heat,
the extreme peaks are erect, appointed
with clipped plum trees and maws
of linear eglantine. Or so it appears.
Bud-shanked by a Victorian porch
where pooch and grandma pose,
the blowsy local plants open toward
the dead of summer. Nothing is done.
The air flusters a few birds,
pure, accessible, a thing remaining
to be sensed when sensing the
particular is more than enough.
We risk living within the ordinary,
a part of each summer's loss.
This is the memory now: the fog
dogging the rust and date-colored hills,
a stunned mental climate,
a few rank overgrown cabbages kept
near the sea. Sometimes, the fear
of coming back old, almost empty,
knowing what has disappeared,
is the part we understand the most,
a willingness to begin with
plots and themes carefully laid out,
a desire to end it with the few
smudges where ignorance begins.
The indifferent grey of acanthus
leaves grows intrinsic to the story.
The brick and flagstone yards
conceal its marvelous corso,
the trees tossing their laments
like arguments, and overhead,
the sound of . . . no, nothing.

Vermeer

The swept tiles and flat mapped walls,
the streets of Delft where light
is always the protagonist,
the beamed ceilings, the women poised

before an open window,
pausing to draw capriccii, pour water
into some wholly immaculate bowl,—
these, at last, no longer mattered.

The candor was enough, and the quiet.
Even the details we recognize,—
cupboard, door, a pet goldfinch,—
are tempered by that domestic hush

we know to be unreal. Houses,
even Dutch houses, know the strife
of ancillary wives, indignant sons.
But in a room closed off from others,

in summer, when the light has risen
and every object is in place,
the only real response is this calm,
this place, dark and pellucid at once.

DAVID BARTON

DAVID BARTON is currently at work on his first book of poems. He lives in Atlanta, Georgia, where he teaches writing.

California of Spaces

Watch them careening down the slopes,
the vacancies, twisting & ravenous
spaces, everywhere coming between
solid things, whitely beautiful
like the absent snow.
Collapse
is the gorgeous threat here where the continent
shudders & ends.

Rembrandt

Rembrandt lived in the tunnels
light with its mole claws
scrapes out of the dark.

TODD GITLIN

TODD GITLIN teaches sociology at the University of California at Berkeley. He is the author of a book of poems, Busy Being Born, *published by Straight Arrow Press.*

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ROBERT KENNEDY AND HIS TIMES, by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin, 1066 pp., $19.95.

Court historian of Camelot

ROBERT SHERRILL

ONE DOES NOT EXPECT AN excessive amount of objectivity when a Kennedy writes about a Kennedy, which is what has happened here. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., is a part of that extended Kennedyesque family welded together by the same kind of bonds Luigi Barzini detected in the Italian mafia—"a state of mind, a philosophy of life, a conception of society, a moral code . . . that they must aid each other, side with their friends and fight common enemies even when the friends are wrong and the enemies are right."

In this book, Schlesinger gets his clan ticket punched again. He is not devious about it. He tells you at the outset what to expect: "I was a great admirer and devoted friend of Robert Kennedy. . . . I thought him the most creative man in American public life when he was killed. It is not too much to say . . . that I loved him."

One need not be on guard when reading a Festschrift or sonnet inspired by love. But when love is applied so heavily as Schlesinger has done to biography and history, the fascinating results—and the results are indeed fascinating all the way—are something like a minotaur, half bull and half man; and it is not always easy to tell which end is which.

Some of the bull, however, is quite obvious. When Schlesinger discusses Robert Kennedy's successful effort to unseat Senator Kenneth Keating, he says that "Keating, striking hard for the Jewish vote, accused Kennedy of having made a deal with a 'huge Nazi cartel . . . the chemical arsenal for Nazi Germany' when the Justice Department [which Kennedy then headed as attorney general] settled the case of the General Aniline and Film Corporation in 1963." Schlesinger treats the Keating accusation as no more than slung mud, and wraps it up in three paragraphs.

They treated the nation's problems the way college kids might study for a pop quiz.

Unfortunately for him and for the memory of Robert Kennedy, another book, *The Crime and Punishment of I. G. Farben,* by Joseph Borkin, is moving onto the market at this moment and it sheds such a light on this episode as to leave Kennedy's record badly blemished.

Borkin's account: I. G. Farben, which pioneered in the use of prison labor during World War II and can be reasonably held responsible for the death of at least 25,000 Jews, maneuvered through a number of dummy corporations and stock shufflings to avoid having its property seized in retribution by the U.S. government. General Aniline and Film (GAF) was one of the I. G. Farben companies that was laundered through Swiss banks. But to no avail. It was seized. To make a very long story short, let it just be said that things worked out okay in the end for those mysterious stockholders when they hired Prince Radziwill as their negotiator. Radziwill, brother-in-law to President Kennedy, got the dispute settled in a very profitable fashion despite what Borkin tells us was the "unanimous opposition of [Robert Kennedy's] staff."

Not a whiff, not an inkling, of any of this emerges from Schlesinger's book. He does not mention the name I. G. Farben. He does not mention the name Radziwill or allude to his role in the settlement. In fact, if one had only Schlesinger to rely on, one might even draw the conclusion that there never was a settlement to benefit the ex-Nazis.

ROBERT KENNEDY AND HIS Times is not a cover-up or whitewash in the ugly sense; it is just a backward look at the mirage of Camelot through the rheumy eyes of an old Cold War liberal. That's why the book is so valuable. You may never again get to share the view with such a master as Schlesinger, a genius at assimilating and juggling details, who can make Camelot bob and waver forever just above an unreachable pastel horizon, under an almost cloudless sky. But that is also what makes the book so quaint, like a Hallmark card. His Camelot has no outhouse. His heroes are too perfect. To be sure, some of Robert Kennedy's classmates at Harvard remember him, as John Knowles recalls, "as kind of a nasty, brutal, humorless little fellow." But Robert, Schlesinger assures us, not only grew out of that phase but became sweetness itself. Thanks to daddy's string-pulling, Robert got a deferment and sat out World War II in a Harvard classroom, but Schlesinger tells us that Bobby "chafed" to see action. (After the war was over, he canceled his deferment and went to sea with the navy—a trip to Cuba—for four months.)

And of course there was the McCar-

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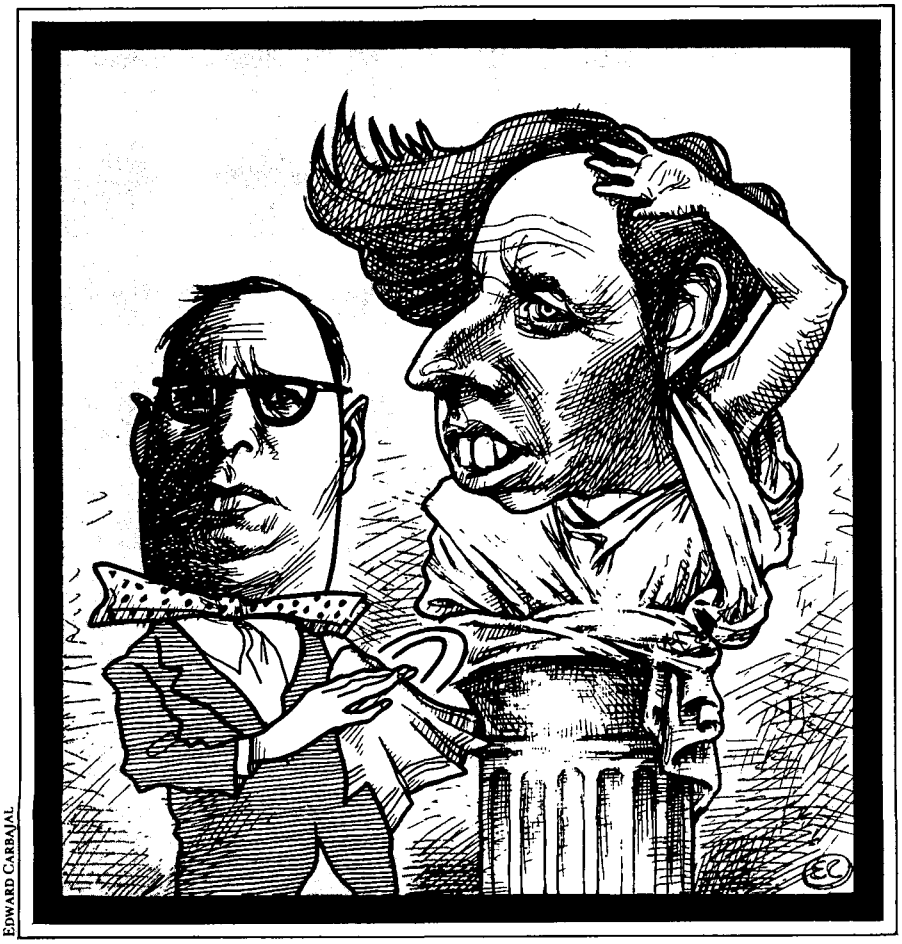
thy period, which Schlesinger tries to soften. But he fails. There is no evidence here that Kennedy ever came to realize the real evil of Senator Joseph McCarthy. In later years when Kennedy discussed the fallen goblin, he admitted that McCarthy had sometimes been "cruel" to individuals but he never acknowledged that McCarthy critically damaged the government and the nation. Robert allegedly said in a 1966 taped interview (quoted by Schlesinger) that "in 1952 I had been crazy about [Adlai Stevenson]. I was excited [about his candidacy] in 1956." Somebody is trying to kid somebody here. In 1952 Robert was working for McCarthy, and when McCarthy died in 1957, the year after Robert's alleged excitement over Stevenson's candidacy, Kennedy was so saddened that he dismissed his office staff for the day and confided in his diary, "I feel that I have lost an important part of my life."

Schlesinger tries so hard he hurts his own cause. Robert Kennedy wasn't a lousy attorney general and indeed there were moments when he was really first rate. But he wasn't nearly so perfect as Schlesinger, with great difficulty, tries to make him out. As attorney general, Robert Kennedy authorized more than 500 wiretaps. But Schlesinger rushes up to assure us, like an undertaker explaining the price of the casket, that Robert "did not promote wiretapping," no indeed, and to prove the point Schlesinger tells us that "he authorized no wiretaps against racketeers." Wonderful! There's just the kind of restraint we need. So who did he wiretap? The very ones you would expect from a McCarthy alumnus—"national security" cases, of course, including such threatening persons as Lloyd Norman of *Newsweek,* Hanson Baldwin of the *New York Times,* Martin Luther King, Jr., and Malcolm X. Schlesinger has to admit that "in the main, Kennedy consented to Hoover's wiretap requests," but he offers us the bizarre excuse that "the electronic world was a mystery to the Attorney General," as though that had something to do with understanding the Bill of Rights.

While Schlesinger concedes that under Robert Kennedy the Justice Department made virtually no effort to enforce the antitrust laws and that in this field Robert's record was "nondescript," Schlesinger tries to compensate by portraying Robert as a valiantly incorruptible attorney general in that he prosecuted and sent to jail three political cronies. Kennedy does deserve plenty of credit for having done that, but, again, he does not deserve nearly so much credit as Schlesinger heaps upon him. One of the miscreants was George Chacharis, mayor of Gary, Indiana. Chacharis was a savvy campaigner, and had helped John Kennedy in Indiana. But he was even better at taking payoffs—more than $200,000 worth. He was dragged into court by Edwyn Silberling, section chief of the Justice Department's Organized Crime Section, and by Jay Goldberg, Silberling's special prosecutor for this case. Despite constant interference and obstruction from other officials in the Justice Department—encouraged by Kennedy?—Goldberg and Silberling put Chacharis behind bars. Shortly thereafter Goldberg resigned. He had been advised that he was "dead" at Justice. Silberling soon followed. They were the heroes in the case, not Kennedy, and yet Schlesinger dismisses Goldberg as "theatrical and, in view of some in Justice, a grabber of headlines." If you want to read a balanced account of this episode, read Victor S. Navasky's *Kennedy Justice.*



EDWARD CARBAJAL

AT NO OTHER TIME IN OUR history, I imagine, have the nation's problems been treated by a President and an attorney general the way college kids might study for a pop quiz. "On an August morning in 1960," writes Schlesinger, "John Kennedy picked up Harris Wofford, his campaign man on civil rights, in his red convertible and said, as they drove downtown, 'Now, in five minutes, tick off the ten things that a President ought to do to clean up this goddamn civil rights mess.' Kennedy needed the black vote." And if John Kennedy knew nothing about the question of civil rights, it seems that Robert Kennedy was "considerably less" learned. Bearing that in mind, it is not surprising that they appointed some of the worst segregationists to the federal bench—for which Schlesinger can offer the not very comforting excuse: ". . . the final Kennedy record of southern judicial appointments was, despite public impression to the contrary, comparable to that of the Eisenhower administration."

The attitude of the New Frontier was shockingly careless. The Kennedys treated government as something to play around with; if you make

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Schlesinger is part of a family joined by the kind of bonds that hold the mafia together.

a bad mistake today, don't worry, you'll get the hang of it eventually. Schlesinger keeps referring to "the education of Robert"; every time he or his brother bungled something crucial, Schlesinger will say "Bobby was learning." No doubt if he had lived long enough, and the nation been able to survive his mistakes, Robert might have turned into a fine fellow. He *was* changing, it seemed, and very much for the better. But oh my, he and his brother certainly did start from scratch. For all the thought they put into selecting the cabinet, they might as well have flipped a coin. You know how we got the great stone face, Dean Rusk, as secretary of state? President Kennedy didn't know anything about Rusk, but on the recommendation of Bobby, he telephoned Robert Lovett, the Wall Street lawyer, who in that one conversation persuaded Kennedy to take Rusk. The reason for appointing that great Republican moneybags Douglas Dillon to treasury secretary was even worse. According to Robert Kennedy: "Joe Alsop was a tremendous booster of Douglas Dillon. In view of all the favors that Alsop had done [Kennedy] I don't think there's any question that this was a factor." The President of the United States selecting a cabinet member to please a columnist?

One of the most important messages that sneaks out of these pages (Schlesinger of course never specifically makes the point) is that the Kennedys seemed to go out of their way to surround themselves with incompetents and were willing to tolerate the most awful bungling. Why did they put up with such people as Richard Bissell? Bissell had been commander of the CIA policy team that directed the Bay of Pigs defeat—something that the Kennedys never recovered from. And yet the very next year after the Bay of Pigs, Bissell was heading a group that thought up the counterinsurgency bullshit, which in turn led to the formation of the Green Berets. And that was our entry into the Vietnam fighting. Robert Kennedy was an "ardent" supporter of counterinsurgency, which Schlesinger tells us with a straight face was not conceived in military terms. The Green Berets, he insists, were originally "instructed in harvesting crops, digging wells, curing jungle diseases," etc. Of course counterinsurgency turned into a monstrous bully-boy foreign policy operation, but Schlesinger tosses off this development as just "another phase in the education of Robert Kennedy."

During the confrontation with Russia over the placement of missles in Cuba, Dean Rusk, according to Robert Kennedy, "had a virtually complete breakdown mentally and physically" as a result of the crises. Robert also claimed that half a dozen of the President's advisers would have been willing to see the United States plunged into a "catastrophic war." And yet the Kennedys did not get rid of any of these advisers. They were still there to give President Johnson the same kind of advice in moments of crisis.

ROBERT KENNEDY SAID HE thought J. Edgar Hoover was "dangerous . . . a psycho . . . and I think he's . . . become senile and rather . . . frightening." But the Kennedys never for a moment contemplated firing Hoover, at least not in JFK's first term, because, as Robert also pointed out with a dazzling confession of expediency, "it was important . . . that Hoover remained happy and that he remain in his position because he was a symbol and the President had won by such a narrow margin . . ." (JFK's willingness to fight the war in Vietnam simply to win reelection is also made clear. Schlesinger's defense of this as a moral decision is that it was better to get bogged down in Vietnam than to lose in 1964 to Goldwater. Ask not what your country can do for you . . .)

Bobby's pal, General Maxwell Taylor, was such a kook-a-boo as to make General Curtis ("Bomb them back to the Stone Age") LeMay seem almost a softie. Taylor wanted Kennedy to declare a national emergency and to put the United States on a war footing because "we are in a life and death struggle" with Russia. If he wasn't a madman, at least he was certainly brimming over with what Schlesinger calls "organizational fantasies"—and yet Robert Kennedy actually endorsed the fantasies. He thought Taylor was a socko thinker. He agreed with Taylor that "there can be no long-term living with Castro as a neighbor."

Robert Kennedy became consumed with the Cuban problem, exerting extreme pressure on the CIA to "do something" about Castro. Schlesinger gives over several pages, futilely, to arguing that the Kennedys didn't know about the CIA's efforts to assassinate Castro, but President Kennedy admitted to Tad Szulc that he was under "tremendous pressure" to okay a Castro murder, so he obviously knew what the CIA had in mind and there is absolutely no evidence that he specifically forbade the CIA's assassination attempts. It's curious that Robert Kennedy should feel such a frantic need to retake Cuba. For whom? The big losers from the Castro takeover had been the underworld. Gambling, whorehouses, and drugs had provided the mob with a $100 million annual income —all swept away by Castro. When one recalls that Robert Kennedy as attorney general went out of his way to avoid using wiretaps on the mob, one can't help wondering if the mob inspired his hysterical advocacy to "do something" to dump Castro. Okay, so that's a dirty thought. But Bobby had some strange connections, some strange impulses, and they were not always high-minded. With Bobby, things were not always as they seemed. Willam Hundley, who worked with him at Justice, believed, on the basis of many conversations, that "If he had ever become President, the first person he would have let out [of prison] was Hoffa."

Bobby's brief career as senator from New York was marked mainly by one other rather late development in his education—the discovery that many Americans are hungry. But, being a prudent person who did not want to make the home state power stucture unhappy, he took his hunger-in-America investigating team to Mississippi, not to the South Bronx. Needless to say, Schlesinger sees it all as compassion, free of politics.

As for Bobby's truncated presidential campaign, wherein Kennedy first let Eugene McCarthy test the waters before trying to drown him, Schlesinger shucks the last polyester item of his historian's apparel and comes out the naked hero worshiper. His hatred of McCarthy for not surrendering

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finally gets to be kind of funny. But the messiah forgives and carries on. Again and again along the campaign trail, Schlesinger depicts people reaching out to touch Kennedy to be spiritually cured. Not content to make him Jesus, in one scene he also makes Kennedy out to be Moses crossing the Red Sea. A black leader is quoted: "I walked in front of the car and raised my hand, and they [a once unruly crowd] parted so we could get through . . ." and "Willie Brown looked on with amazement." Very Biblical.

Cunning cult books like this are basically insulting. In many black homes, pictures of the Kennedys still hang, reminding the occupants of something that never existed. This book (which the Literary Guild has bought for $750,000 and Time-Life will use to make a TV series) tries to be such a picture for all of us.

CHANCE AND CIRCUMSTANCE: The Draft, The War, and the Vietnam Generation, by Lawrence M. Baskir and William A. Strauss. Alfred A. Knopf, 312 pp., $10.00.

Unclosed accounts

BARRY LYNN

THERE IS A TRIPLE HUBRIS in the foreword to *Chance and Circumstance,* which its publishers tout as "the definitive, the *irrefutable* book on the Vietnam generation." The foreword is by Father Theodore Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame, who arranged for the two authors to get a substantial grant from the Ford Foundation to write this study. Hesburgh claims that if enough Americans "read this book and ponder its implications, I am sure we may then legitimately put the Vietnam experience behind us, for we will have restored justice to what is now a very unjust residue of a very unpopular war."

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First, mere "pondering" over something, in the absence of concrete action, rarely accomplishes anything at all. Second, this book does not exactly have the impact of another *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; in fact, it contains little that is so new, so clearly articulated, or so moving as to start anyone "pondering." Finally, it is, in the last analysis, a bad idea to suggest that we put Vietnam anywhere but before our minds—as a warning to ourselves and others of what harm a great power can do when it sets its course on destruction.

Baskir and Strauss were chief administrative architects of President Gerald Ford's Clemency Board, established to grant some "relief" for convicted draft resisters and less-than-honorably discharged military absentees. Their book discusses the generally successful ways men found to legally avoid any military service, particularly service in Vietnam. It also contains chapters on draft evaders, on those who received other than honorable discharges (for absenteeism and a veritable laundry list of other trivial and serious "offenses"), on exiles, and on the amnesty issue. Regrettably, though, the book lacks any philosophical or ideological coherence and is characterized by a veiled but smirking arrogance toward those people whose lives were shattered by Vietnam. Ultimately, it is an exercise in historical dalliance, revealing little about the past and teaching nothing for the future.

Most commentaries and reviews of *Chance and Circumstance* express great surprise at the authors' principal conclusion: that of the 26,800,000 men of the "Vietnam generation," only 10,935,000 joined or were conscripted into the military, and of these only 1,600,000 saw combat in Vietnam. A corollary "finding" is that poorly educated, low-income whites and blacks bore a vastly disproportionate share of Vietnam-era service, injuries, and deaths. There can be no quarrel with these facts—indeed, those who investigated the question during the war itself always reached these same conclusions. In earlier days, however, it was far less fashionable to care about such things than it is now.

The authors devote a great deal of space to an attempt to trivialize the antiwar and draft resistance movements: "Except for occasional individuals who, on principle, abandoned deferments and exemptions to go to prison or take exile, opposing the war was in every draft-age man's self-interest." They note that a Notre Dame study showed that "three quarters of those who never served admitted they tried to avoid the draft." Statements such as these imply a moral condemnation that is not only pointless, but also unjustified, since "avoiding" that war did not only mean saving one's own life, but also perhaps saving the lives of Vietnamese as well. To take war "avoiders" in isolation and utterly ignore the historical context of official manipulation and deception in which they sought to survive shows shallow ethical reflection on the authors' part.

The book attempts to trivialize the antiwar and draft resistance movements.

The hostility displayed toward the amnesty movement is even more extreme. Baskir and Strauss assert that the "end of the Ford program saw the collapse of much of the vitality of the amnesty movement." In fact, the amnesty movement had gained congressional and popular support through that period by pointing out the uselessness of the program, and was prepared for a concerted effort to bring the next (presumably Democratic) President around. The authors label as "intransigence" the amnesty movement's consistent advocacy of the *principle* of universal and unconditional amnesty for all resisters and victims of the war. They then blame this "intransigence" even for the congressional destruction last year of President Carter's Special Discharge Review Program for other-than-honorably discharged Vietnam veterans. No explanation of this supposed cause-and-effect relationship is offered.

ONE OF THE PECULIARITIES of this book is that many of the criticisms which the amnesty movement leveled at the Ford program have now been adopted by the authors, who were themselves conspicuous spokesmen for that program. They now admit that, because of errors in processing and misinterpreta-

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tions of the law by draft boards, 90 percent of the draft resisters could have had the charges dismissed in court and not have had to undergo the alternative service proposed by the clemency program, which is summed up as having "offered meaningless relief to people who needed far more." But meaningless or not, while Baskir, Strauss, and their colleagues were managing the Clemency Board program, they did everything imaginable to shanghai people into participating in it, from sending misleading letters to prison inmates about opportunities to "upgrade" their discharges (thus strongly suggesting the possibility of receiving veterans' benefits, something the board could not provide), to violating confidential court records in order to locate draft resisters who had been convicted under the Youth Offenders Act. We may be forgiven, I hope, for considering their criticism of the program now, some two and a half years after it ended, to be somewhat belated.

It is also unusual for me to read a book about events in which I was a participant and to see them not only philosophically misinterpreted but factually misreported as well. The proamnesty events of the 1976 Democratic Convention, including the nomination of a draft resister for vice president, were very efficiently organized by former Women's Strike for Peace director Irma Zigas and gold-star mother Louise Ransom. The book, however, gives total credit to "former peace activist Sam Brown." In fact, Brown did nothing at the convention but help con liberal Democrats into supporting Carter, thus ensuring himself a job in the new administration.

At another point, Baskir and Strauss assert that in 1974 the Justice Department released a list of 6200 men still wanted for draft offenses, so that the many thousands of other persons who only *thought* they were wanted (Justice had the peculiar habit of dropping cases without informing the individuals involved) could resume normal lives. The statement that Justice released a list is accurate. However, the steps which led to its release are somewhat more complex.

For years, the department denied that any list of fugitives existed. When the Ford clemency program began, a clergyman happened to call the department to inquire about the status of a counselee. A secretary said she'd know "in a minute" by "checking our list." The minister thereupon demanded that the entire list be turned over to counseling groups since indictments are public records (although quite difficult to compile on a nationwide basis). The department of course refused to give up the list. A Freedom of Information Act request was immediately filed, which led to the release of a computerized printout of names. After several days, various codes were deciphered on the list, and it became clear that the Justice computer had unwittingly spilled the names not only of indicted persons, but of all draft resisters under FBI investigation. This data was of more than passing interest to tens of thousands of men who in this way finally learned their true status. Since I was the minister involved, I can attest to the facts behind the scant reporting in the book.

The clemency planners did all they could to shanghai people into taking part.

After a cataloging of many of the problems created by the draft and the military (albeit incomplete), one expects that some remedies will be offered for the problems created by conscription during the Vietnam period. However, no substantive relief is outlined, nor do we really learn how the authors feel about conscription in the future. They do say that "when the nation's youth are next called to fight, the ultimate legacy of Vietnam may be a widespread attitude that the draft and the armed forces are not to be trusted." One would indeed expect that the whole Vietnam experience and what has been learned about the nature of our political leaders in that war and afterwards will at least give pause to the young when they are next called to battle. But it is unclear whether such a likelihood gives comfort or discomfort to the authors.

Baskir and Strauss's disinclination to take a stand on these issues is fully consistent with their attitude toward the draft and amnesty to date—do what is politically expedient and reap the rewards that follow. Thinking out more fully what the nation should do about the Vietnam legacy is seemingly beyond the capacity or the will of the authors. Their book is dedicated to their daughters, "with a father's prayer of peace." Regrettably, it is unlikely that it will do much to further that hope.

***STORIES*, by Doris Lessing. Alfred A. Knopf, 640 pp., $15.00.**

A feminist primer

JOHN R. BOLY

IN SOME WAYS, HAMLET HAS it easy: he enjoys the luxury of solitude. Consider the plight of Gertrude, his mother. There are funeral and wedding arrangements to be made, a jittery new husband to be placated, young Laertes to be sent off to school, and a whole court of murderous bunglers to be kept busy. The one time Gertrude has a few minutes to herself, in charges Hamlet with his usual demand for her undivided attention. What would the Queen of Denmark have said in *her* soliloquy?

For the last 30 years, Doris Lessing has been writing such soliloquies. In her short stories, she has given center stage to what are usually minor characters—typists, factory girls, secretaries, and suburban wives—struggling to become major characters. For these women, the time is somewhere in the middle of Happily-Ever-After. Customary anxieties about husband, house, and family have politely excused themselves. Without quite realizing it, Lessing's heroines awaken in mid-life to find themselves alone with their own souls.

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Besides the expected villains—domineering husbands, patronizing employers, stifling conventions—there are some unexpected ones, too. Lessing's protagonists have no shortage of female friends, but in most cases they would be better off if they had. These friends are implacable foes of the unconventional, and their chatter settles on a reflective moment like dust on a crystal bowl. Leave a husband? Refuse a suitor? Unthinkable! With their world so solidly against them, it is small wonder that most of Lessing's women remain wrapped in mean and ugly little cocoons. And yet there is no authorial hand-wringing or fashionable despair in these short stories. Lessing fixes her characters in a hard, level stare. These women fail to put aside the tawdriness of their lives because they are cowards.

Stories includes all of Doris Lessing's short fiction, with the exception of her African stories. This omission is understandable given the book's already considerable length, but it is also regrettable. Africa is where Martha Quest, the heroine of the five novels in *The Children of Violence*, grew up to become one of Lessing's most powerful characters. Even so, the remaining stories give an impressive synopsis of Lessing's literary accomplishments. There is a relentless attention to the pet rituals of the self-deceived that recalls her *In Pursuit of the English*. There is a constant tinkering with the art of story-telling, as in *The Golden Notebook*. And there are passages of rhapsodic mysticism that are reminiscent of *Briefing for a Descent into Hell*.

The quality that sets Lessing's short stories apart from her other writing is their intensity. In an interview with Irving Howe, Lessing discussed the necessity of "a cold detachment at the core of any writer or artist." When refined into a brief episode, that cold detachment can become a burning candor. One of the stories, "How I Finally Lost My Heart," is told by a robust and accomplished sensualist who brags about her innumerable conquests. A female Don Juan, aggressively physical and militantly nonreflective, she fancies herself a liberated woman. Lessing disagrees. In a head-on collision between the literal and the symbolic, the woman fantasizes that her heart has become stuck to her hand. It is a literal heart, throbbing, sticky with blood, dripping, awful. But it is also, as she comes to realize, the symbol of a soul turned coarse and sodden through years of practiced neglect. By leaping into her hand, the heart has given the woman an opportunity to understand herself: "There were two-fifths of a century's experience to work through . . ." But the woman wants none of it. She wraps the thing in tin foil and gives it to a madwoman. The episode is a brilliant performance, something like a morality play written by a surrealist.

KEITH CRISS

LESSING IS HARD ON HER female characters but she is every bit as hard on her couples. The husbands, lovers, and wives in her stories are studies in indolent boredom, dissatisfied with themselves yet unwilling to change. Like mirrors, they face one another across a great room and feed on the same desperate emptiness. Sometimes a personal emptiness has political consequences. In one of her best-known stories, "The Eye of God in Paradise," Lessing places a pair of English lovers in the portentous setting of postwar Germany. They are supposedly on vacation, but their vacation is really a spiritual quest to find some lurking monstrosity that will explain the war. How could an entire country have been guided by a madman? Piously repeating this question, the lovers are themselves befriended and then guided around by first one madman, then another. Visiting an insane asylum, the couple discover the monstrosity they have been looking for. A five-year-old child, bound in a straitjacket and tied to a bed, wriggles to get free. A few feet away, his placid nurse knits calmly. What the lovers behold is a parable of their own lives, with each playing captive to the other's nurse.

Most of Lessing's characters remain discontented, snugly wrapped in their conventional cocoons, but not all. A few manage to struggle free, and this struggle provides the occasion for some superb writing. But what does it cost a woman to achieve independence, and what does such independence mean? In a word: desperation. Lessing's heroines are by any standard a distinctively unlikeable lot, drunk, neurotic, manipulative, callously self-absorbed, and sometimes downright crazy. To those who would feel a superior sympathy for such heroines, Lessing long ago made her reply: "Slaves imagining freedom see it through the eyes of slaves." Sometimes, an outrage against respectability, or even justice, is the only way to begin a new life. In one gemlike little

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episode, entitled "He," an elderly woman's compulsive tidiness has driven her husband out of the house. She is persuaded, by one of those well-meaning friends who are as common in the *Stories* as poisoners in a Renaissance court, to take him back. But when the poor oaf tracks mud on her kitchen floor and upsets a cup of tea, she once more drives him out. The quiet realism of this story makes it one of the finest in the collection. The husband is no demon, the wife no saint, and though it makes her miserable and lonely, her tactic of tidiness offers the only means of escape from a stultifying marriage.

A writer who is so impatient with self-deception and so insistent upon honesty cannot help but be a moralist. Lessing has no new commandments: "Living in the midst of this whirlwind of change, it is impossible to make final judgments or absolute statements of value." But that does not mean that morality has ceased to exist, only that it has taken a new form. Instead of doctrines, Lessing offers a restless and skeptical habit of mind. To encourage this habit in her readers, she sets an occasional trap. It is hard not to trust the narrator, especially when the part is played by a friendly neighbor chatting about a local scandal (in "A Man and Two Women"), or a compassionate space traveler reporting on a life-and-death rescue mission (in "Report on the Threatened City"). And yet . . . *caveat lector*! The neighbor prudishly frowns at an adultery which never occurs, but beams approval on a mother's selfish absorption with her newborn child. The traveler from space marvels at the folly of living near the San Andreas fault, but succumbs to even greater follies in the course of his comic attempts to rescue San Francisco. Lessing's obliging but misguided narrators offer what she does not, a pat moral judgment. Like the bumbling storytellers in Fielding and Sterne, they force the reader to make an independent decision.

Perhaps all of Lessing's writing springs from her impoverished childhood in colonial Rhodesia, where it was miles to the nearest farm and self-sufficiency was a fact of life. But for a writer so dedicated to individual independence, Lessing has suffered a disheartening fate. Her admirers have tended to read her books as treatises, manifestoes, messages. This is precisely what she does not want—to become a Voice on High. Few flocks have had such an unwilling shepherd, and Lessing's attempts to drive the message-hunters away have enriched the lexicon of verbal abuse. But as usual, devotion flourishes under adversity. Moreover, the message-hunters have a good case. Lessing joined the Communist Party in 1942 during a fit of youthful and unrepented idealism. In 1956 she was barred from Rhodesia for her views on racism. And she has written books with powerful, defiant heroines. Despite her repeated and point-blank assertions to the contrary, it is inevitable that she be seen as both a leftist and a feminist.

Doris Lessing is a public figure who wants to be seen as a private figure. Although she has supported the goals of socialism and women's rights, she refuses to be identified with any system. "What is dangerous," she has said, "is the inner loyalty to something felt as much greater than one's self." Her admirers see the activist and the feminist, and they are right. But they shouldn't lose sight of Lessing herself. In 1949, a young woman arrived in London from Cape Town. Twice divorced, she had a two-year-old child, no money, no friends, and no place to stay. But she was tough and stubborn, and she survived. Her name, too, was Doris Lessing. ❏

***TO DANCE*, by Valery Panov with George Feiffer. Alfred A. Knopf, 398 pp., $15.00.**

Dancer's dilemma

THOMAS RUSSELL III

*AT FIRST GLANCE, THE AU*thor of *To Dance* seems a most unlikely hero. Something of a rake despite two marriages to strikingly beautiful women, quite satisfied with—even complacent about—his position as a star first of the Maly Theater and then of the great and historic Kirov Ballet, Valery Panov had enjoyed a privileged position in the supposedly egalitarian Russian society. He describes receiving extra rations of eggs, sumptuous fur coats, and (to me the most extraordinary sign of deference) the right to choose not to attend the daily exercise classes. Except for the discipline—itself a kind of heroism—implicit in anyone's subjecting his body to the enormous torture it takes to turn an ordinary human being into one of the world's great classical dancers, Panov was clearly a man who would have to have heroism thrust upon him.

Still worse, Valery and Galina were stripped even of the right to make use of any dance rehearsal hall.

Thrust upon him it swiftly was when in 1972 Panov came to terms with his partly Jewish ancestry, which his parents had tried to hide, and applied for a visa to emigrate to Israel. He was promptly subjected to a public denunciation, vilified by people who the day before had been his colleagues at the Kirov, as well as by some of his closest friends. Attempts were made to persuade his wife Galina to leave him; he was jailed by the KGB, and his head was shaved; he was even, he is convinced, the victim of a KGB attempt to poison him while aboard a train. Perhaps most damaging of all, he and Galina were fired from the Kirov, then stripped even of the right to use any dance rehearsal halls. The inability to do more than simple *barre* exercises at their home (making it impossible, for instance, for Valery to practice his extraordinary jumps) put an intolerable strain on their dancers' bodies. Some who knew the pair early, and who have seen them since a storm of protests by Western actors, dancers, and intellectuals enabled them to leave, say that the Panovs' bodies have still not entirely recovered; that at Valery's age he may never regain his earlier form.

A number of dramatic or engaging anecdotes sustain our interest through

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the book. There are horrifying encounters with Galina's mother (a significant instrument of the authorities during the couple's time of troubles)—even a story of her chasing Galina with a hatchet, aiming to chop her Achilles' tendons and thereby forestall her dancing career. The Stuttgart Ballet and its founder, John Cranko, are accorded a warm welcome, and indeed considerable warmth is displayed toward all of the few foreigners given entrée to Soviet society. The most appealing scene, however, is Valery's first encounter with his future wife. He reports backstage at the Kirov to find Mikhail Baryshnikov staring at a new young dancer, a blonde country girl obviously fresh off a tractor; Baryshnikov nudges Valery in the ribs, and smiles, "What do you think, huh?"

The style in which these scenes are conveyed is a bit curious. The "writing" is apparently based on a combination of Panov's original manuscript and extensive interviews with his ghostwriter, George Feiffer. Perhaps not surprisingly, then, it varies from the colloquial to the lugubrious, from the nicely pointed phrase to the flabby paragraph. Overall, the book is unnecessarily repetitive and, partly because of that, a bit heavy-going. But those interested in dance and, perhaps even more, anyone interested in a detailed and deeply felt picture of the nightmare of the Soviet system will find it worth their while.

Panov had applied for his visa during a thaw in East-West relations that had led Jews in Russia to expect an extensive liberalizing of emigration policies. What really happened to Panov and others makes for one of the fascinations of the book—the revelation of the extraordinary selective blindness it takes to survive in Russia. People who huddle in a bathroom before starting any serious conversation, and turn on the taps to foil possible KGB microphones, are surprised when friends are arrested, and astonished that anyone would want to leave their wintry Eden. (The rapid transformation of Anatoly Shcharansky's mother from complacent party member to angry opponent of the regime was widely reported this past summer.) Panov could know his best friend at the Kirov to be a KGB informer, yet be astounded at the authorities' savage reactions to his simple desire to emigrate. In a society so crazily tilted, how can a dancer even be sure in what direction he'll find the floor?

FILM

***WHO'LL STOP THE RAIN*, directed by Karel Reisz.**

***HOOPER*, directed by Hal Needham.**

Powerful downer

STEPHEN HARVEY

ONE OF THE HARD FACTS about a commercial enterprise like the movies is that any correlation between popular success and artistic merit is pretty haphazard at best. In any given year some popular movies are good, many are not, and the same holds true for the financial fiascos. It all comes down to giving moviegoers what they think they want at the precise moment they want it, which is why those in the industry try to keep their ears so finely tuned—not in quest of some vagrant muse, but in the hopes of picking up the advance rumblings of next year's *Zeitgeist* before sinking untold sums into their newest hot prospect. After all, a few commercial disasters can derail the career of any filmmaker, however gifted, while one blockbuster along the lines of *Rocky*, *Star Wars*, or *Saturday Night Fever* can change the tone and substance of Hollywood's subsequent output for years at a time.

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All of which may help to explain why attending an advance screening of *Who'll Stop the Rain* proved a rather more melancholy experience than its director Karel Reisz could ever have intended. For all its undeniable defects, this is a movie graced with considerable thought and care and craftsmanship—it's clear that everyone concerned worked awfully hard to create something distinctive and challenging. Yet although I'd be delighted to be proven wrong on this, I suspect that at least from a commercial point of view, all this skill has been expended in vain, since *Who'll Stop the Rain* is completely out of kilter with current tastes in popular entertainment.

Not so very long ago, gore-spattered cynicism served as a welcome cathartic for movie audiences, as the success of movies like *Chinatown* and *Taxi Driver* indicated. Currently, however, moviegoers seem to prefer either films where the horror is at a discreet remove from the daily realities (via finny creatures and/or telekinesis), or else movies that are imbued with swoony good cheer. The tepid reception which greeted *Straight Time* showed how few people were still interested in catching a glimpse of life's harsher side, and that film was downright effervescent compared with *Who'll Stop the Rain*. Reisz's film further compounds the felony by fusing two topics of profound indifference to today's diversion seekers—drug-smuggling and the aftermath of Vietnam. Any well-programmed Culver City computer could tell you that dope stopped being box-office as soon as it became a nationwide problem, while even Jane Fonda and Jon Voight couldn't attract quite the numbers *Coming Home* deserved.

The movie presents characters who are blood kin to the miscreants of *films noirs* of 30 years ago.

Having tested the air with the latter

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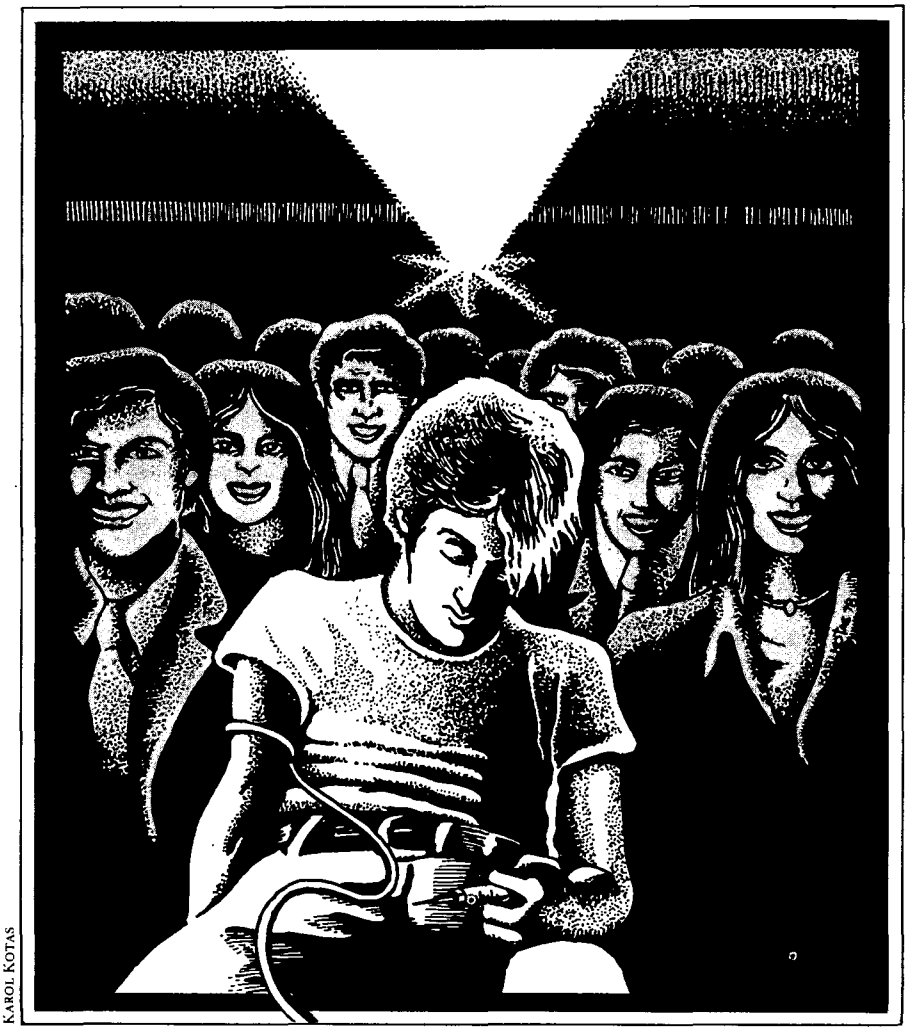
film and finding it ominous, United Artists this time around has tried to divert viewers from the scent with a last-minute title change from the too-evocative *The Dog Soldiers*. They should have left well enough alone, as the alternative they came up with (the name of an obscure Creedence Clearwater Revival strain which intrudes onto the soundtrack from time to time) not only wins hands down as the year's most awkward and senseless movie monicker, but will probably scare off as many potential patrons as the original would have done.

Yet even if the name had been switched to *Pajama Game II*, word was bound to get out sooner or later that, dramatically speaking, this movie is a downer from credits to final fadeout. The tone is unrelentingly fatalistic throughout; for all its topical trappings, *Who'll Stop the Rain*'s doomed principals are blood kin to all those minor-league miscreants who populated the gloomy *films noirs* of 30 years ago, overwhelmed one and all by corrupt forces beyond their ken. Victim number one is a queasy journalist (Michael Moriarty) covering the Vietnam War, who blithely decides to score a few kilos of heroin for a quick and easy profit. He persuades brawny navy buddy Nick Nolte to act as his courier to the States, in order to deliver the goods to Moriarty's unwitting wife (Tuesday Weld), a counterculture hausfrau with a secret addiction of her own. Moriarty is too dim to comprehend that he has been fingered by his well-heeled Saigon suppliers; subsequently Nolte and Weld are tailed by two goons in the employ of a steely, double-dealing federal agent (Anthony Zerbe), forcing a retreat first to the foothills of L.A., and finally to an abandoned mini-Woodstock near the Mexican border. Moriarty arrives stateside, is found by the gang, which tortures him for information, then uses him as bait to trap its quarry, unleashing a minor Armageddon with mutually fatal results. At the somberly anticlimactic finale, of all the participants in this struggle, only two have survived, while the illicit prize has been scattered to the winds, of use to no one.



KAROL KOTAS

KAREL REISZ'S FILMS (Morgan, Isadora, The Gambler) have always been effective in inverse proportion to their pretensions to high seriousness, and *Who'll Stop the Rain* is no exception. The entire film is achingly earnest, as if the slightest quickening of pace or twinge of humor might dilute Reisz's nihilistic thesis. (In his desire to underscore the Futility of Greed, he would have done well to look more closely at the whole of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, rather than confining himself to a straight-faced send-up of its famous final scene.) The symbolism of Nolte/Weld's final hideout amid the desiccated weeds left behind in the seventies by the ex-flower power generation of the sixties is somewhat less than penetrating. Moreover, the counterposing of the ethnic creepiness of the villains and the WASP rectitude of their victims raises some disturbing questions about Reisz's own prejudices which he might well be loath to answer.

Yet taken simply as a melodrama of pursuit and retribution, *Who'll Stop the Rain* is a movie of authentic power. Ponderous though his touch may be, Reisz is a superlative film technician, and few recent movies can match the tautness of this film at its best. Nolte's first set-to with his nemeses has a graphic impact few directors could muster, while the sequence detailing the third degree inflicted on Moriarty oozes genuine terror without resorting to kinky thrills. The sensuous, sepia-toned quality of Richard Kline's photography immeasurably heightens the sinister atmosphere Reisz is striving for, and his careful accretion of detail ultimately makes one care desperately about the outcome, a rare enough occurrence with recent movies. Contrived though it may be, the nocturnal apocalypse that caps the film is one of the most vivid set pieces I've seen in some time. As darkness and silence are punctuated at random by flashes of fire and ear-splitting cacophony, the effect is deliberately unsettling, and persuasively so—menace is everywhere and survival a caprice of fate. Sequences as chilling as this could make one forgive lapses far more serious than those Reisz commits in the film's more flaccid moments.

The fact that *Who'll Stop the Rain* sustains this tension so skillfully is especially remarkable considering that the characters never come entirely into focus. Moriarty's persona of whiny impotence has long since become one

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of the minor drags of stage, screen, and television, but at least here it's appropriate to the character he's tackling. As for Weld, it's a pleasure to see this gifted actress playing a leading role once more, and a pity that she isn't called upon to do much beyond exuding her patented air of bruised sweetness.

Nolte's presence likewise lacks range (to put it mildly), but it's still the most magnetic piece of work in the film. He's the very model of current movie-macho iconography—all burly omniscience as he squints sternly into the sunlight, he seems to carry the burden of the world's mendacity on those outsized shoulders. As with Kris Kristofferson, what Nolte does isn't acting exactly, but as a sample of star quality it's undeniably effective in small doses.

For lack of any better ideas, the studio has apparently opted to promote this film with an ad campaign focused on Nolte's sturdy frame. *(Plus ça change* dept.: whereas 20 years ago, the industry used to tout lost causes via the endowments of Jayne, Gina, and Sophia, now they fall back on the pectorals of Kris, Nick, and Jan-Michael.) It's disheartening to see a movie as interesting as this sold short in such a manner, and to little avail at that. Nowadays, it would probably take divine intercession to salvage any movie not also blessed with an acute case of the jollies.

Hooper makes you long for B-movies that knew better than to fool with Profound Truth.

BY CONTRAST, HOOPER, another late summer release, practically goes down on all fours to cajole its presumed audience. This story of a Hollywood stunt man facing his midlife crisis alternates between men-will-be-boys hijinks and teary-eyed solemnity in a way that gives new meaning to the word facile. In its larky moments, *Hooper* has the ubiquitous Burt Reynolds and company (principally Jan-Michael Vincent and Brian Keith) disarming all and sundry with their post-pubescent exuberance, plunging into hilarious saloon brawls, and playing uproarious practical jokes on each other. However, all is not Coors and camaraderie—they're really being gallant in the face of mortality, as the movie takes excruciating pains to inform us. As *Hooper* would have it, being a stunt man is a calling only slightly less noble and underappreciated than social work or neurosurgery—as presented here, the hero's integrity in the face of corporate Hollywood's crassness makes Sir Thomas More's refusal to submit to the crown seem petty in comparison.

Director Hal Needham (Reynolds's protegé and a former stunt man himself) appears to have read the synopses of a few too many Howard Hawks movies—his attempt to ape the master's themes of manly grace under pressure is rather like a disco artiste trying to bluff his way phonetically through *Die Walküre*. Although Robert Klein is hilariously apt as Reynolds's director, a fatuous would-be *auteur,* everybody else coasts through the film with a powerful lot of grinning and wincing. Sally Field is once again squandered as the obligatory adoring doormat—as usual in this sort of thing, her only function is to bring Reynolds a beer and whimper plaintively each time he ventures out to test his manhood. It's flatulent stuff like this which makes you long for the days when B-movies knew their place and didn't monkey around with Profound Truths in the bargain. ❑

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LETTERS

Letters to the editor should be addressed to INQUIRY Magazine, 1700 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94111. The editors reserve the right to edit letters for length when necessary.

Who should own the airwaves?

AS A JOURNALIST, I USUALLY applaud Nat Hentoff's literal interpretations of the First Amendment. However, I think he misses the point where television regulation is concerned. Television is regulated not merely because the number of channels is limited, but, far more importantly, because the airwaves are public property. The use of public property by private interests necessarily involves some form of regulation and frequently justifies certain limitations on constitutional rights.

As it happens, I agree with Hentoff's position [*INQUIRY,* June 12 and July 10, 1978] regarding the case of *Olivia Niemi* v. *NBC* and regarding the equal time rule. But that is not to say that a private TV station or network, whose operation requires a public license to use the airwaves, should have the same, broad First Amendment rights as the print medium, which does not need government sanction in order to operate.

One might argue, of course, that the government should not license television operations in the first place. But the implication of such an argument is that TV stations and networks are entitled to exercise monopoly ownership and control over a given segment of the airwaves. I'm not at all certain that Hentoff would want that or that the nation would benefit from it. Certainly, the lifting of governmental regulation of the television industry would not create a competitive situation that would be in any way analogous to the competition in the print medium.

The issue is a complex one, to be sure. But it seems to me that the only reasonable way to define television's rights under the First Amendment is —as it has been—on a case-by-case basis. Having said that, here's to a victory for television in the *Niemi* case.

STANLEY W. CLOUD
Washington, D.C.

The airwaves are "public property" only because Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover convinced Congress to take them over in 1926. Before Hoover intervened, the private sector and the courts were well on the way to establishing a workable system for private ownership of the electromagnetic spectrum.

As Mr. Cloud notes, under such a system individual owners would have control over a given segment of the spectrum. But this is hardly monopoly; there are more broadcast outlets in most urban areas than the average consumer can possibly pay attention to, and new technologies, if left to flourish without government meddling, will greatly increase freedom of choice. If there is an absence of competition in the broadcast business, it's because of FCC restrictions, not private action.—EDITORS

Public and private cops

ROBERT POOLE'S REVIEW OF my book, *The Private Sector,* [*INQUIRY,* June 12, 1978] wasn't malicious; there were one or two very generous compliments standing incongruously amid his scathing analysis. So I must assume he really sees my book as a wholesale attack on the private security industry. It's not, or, at least, it wasn't intended to be. His interpretation may be fair. Perhaps I failed to convey what I meant. Let me try to state it as succinctly as I know how.

There is a very large and swiftly growing private security industry. It is run, to a large extent, by ex-cops, ex-FBI agents, ex-CIA employees (like myself), and other alumni of government law enforcement and investigative agencies. These individuals form a vast Old Boy Network that interconnects with the public sector cops on every level. The result is a situation in which information and influence flows back and forth between the public and private cops. Often what goes on is improper or illegal, and the potential for mischief hasn't begun to be realized. And most people outside this little subculture are only dimly aware of it.

That's really all I was trying to say in *The Private Sector.* Thus I was a little bemused to encounter this sentence in Mr. Poole's review: "Although he tries hard, most of the dangers that O'Toole finds aren't cases of the private sector run amok, but rather of collaboration between police and private organizations." Exactly. I'm gratified that Mr. Poole got my point, even though he didn't realize I was trying to make it. But whether or not I made it clear, this was the reason I wrote the book.

GEORGE O'TOOLE
Croton Falls, N.Y.

Harassing draft resisters

IN HIS "NEW TALES OF THE Royal Canadian Mounted Police," [*INQUIRY,* May 29, 1978] Geoffrey Stevens failed to include a significant revelation that came to light last fall in the *Toronto Globe & Mail,* of which Stevens is an associate editor and columnist. After an interview with former CIA officer Victor Marchetti, the *Globe & Mail* reported among other things that the RCMP spied on exiled U.S. anti-Vietnam War draft resisters and deserters in Canada for the CIA.

The former *AMEX–Canada* magazine, of which I was an editor, pointed out to the *Globe* in a letter to the editor that the Mounties had a long record of political harassment of exiles in conjunction with U.S. authorities. In addition to RCMP spying, the Mounties were known to have broken into exiles' living quarters, "encouraged" them to return to the United States to face jail, kidnapped and taken them to the border where the FBI was awaiting, reported their backgrounds to Canadian employers to get them fired, and relayed to the FBI and other U.S. authorities critical employment and citizenship information. These examples are a matter of the public record. During my seven and one half years of exile activism, I witnessed many other incidents which were surely the work of political police—informants, *agents provocateurs,* "mysterious" AMEX and personal phone breakdowns at critical times, etc.

That the RCMP spied on war resisters for the CIA is hardly earth-shattering news, coming after so many other examples of RCMP and CIA treachery. But it should be a part of the historic public record nonetheless.

JACK COLHOUN
Washington, D.C.

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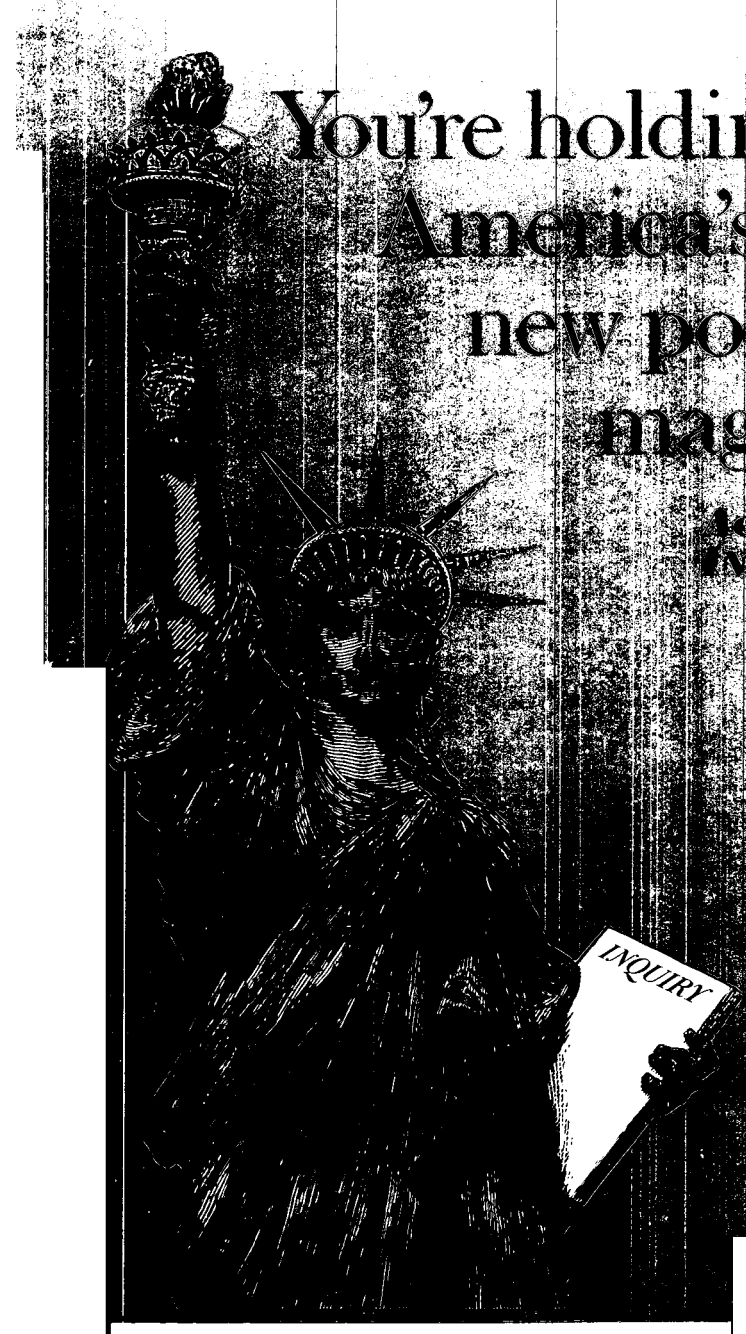

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